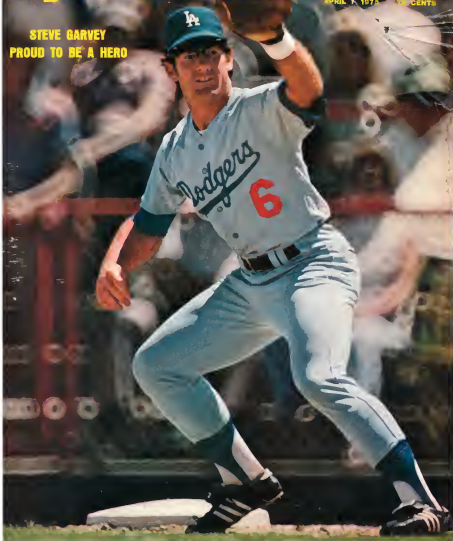


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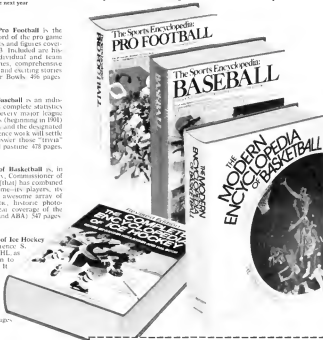
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CONTENTS

APRIL 7, 1975 Volume 42, No. 14

Cover photograph by Walter Jones Jr.

34 Baseball 1975

As another season marches, Ron Finte foresees the game's continuing appeal while noting that the players and some estranged fans had better patch things up, photographer Tomes Sinner turns an imaginative lens on the Orioles; the St. Jeff scouts the major league teams and makes a few picks that may raise your eyebrows, and Roy Blount Jr. examines the phenomenon of Steve Garvey, the Dodger who says he was born to be one, and a man whose winks are more 1955 than 1975.



18 Wooden's Last Hurrah

His decision to become the *Wiz-That-Was* added an extra flip to the NCAA trials.

by Cary Kirkpatrick

22 Jack Shows He's No Master Past

Gary Player made his 1975 U.S. debut and found that Nicklaus is still king

by Dan Jenkins

24 Stirring Up the Derby Burgoo

Foolish Pleasure was beaten in Florida, making the Kentucky Derby wide open.

by Tex Maule and Whitney Towner

26 The Class with a Lot of Class

Standout rookies in the NBA and ABA contributed to foamy-funny standouts

by Pat Putnam

78 That Old Gang of Mine

An alumnus remembers the wacky and wonderful 1934 Cardinals. First of a series

by Lee Durocher with Ed Line

The departments

11 Scorecard	75 Curling
63 TV/Radio	59 For the Record
66 Lacrosse	100 19th Hole
69 Swimming	

Credit as usual fit

Next Week

ON BANK AND COURT the pro seasons end in a flurry of jostling for the playoffs. Mark Melvoy looks ahead toward hockey's championships and Pat Putnam outlines the surprising makeup of NBA and ABA postseason play.

IN BELLY AND BICEP, Vasili Alexeyev is clearly a well-rounded man, and after an unprecedented visit to the world's greatest weight lifter's home in the U.S.S.R., William Johnson reveals the mountainous range of his talents.

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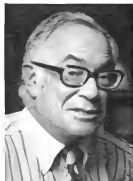
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Why Puerto Rico is unique as a place for manufacturers to make more profits

by Malcolm S. Forbes



Malcolm S. Forbes, President and Editor-in-Chief of Forbes magazine, has been described as "...perhaps our leading business-watcher."

The President and Editor-in-Chief of Forbes magazine tells how a unique relationship with the United States allows Puerto Rico to provide manufacturers with advantages for profits that they won't find anywhere else in the world.

Read his "fact and comment," then send the coupon below for more details.

☛☛ Puerto Rico is unique in all the world—and I don't mean for tourists, although it is that.

I mean from the U.S. manufacturer's point of view.

I call Puerto Rico "unique" because of a very practical set of circumstances there that encourage employment and growth and a decent profit for manufacturers.

Saw economic wonders

In 1958 I first saw the economic wonders the people of Puerto Rico were bringing about.

My wife and I, on a visit to Puerto Rico, asked a mutual friend to arrange a meeting with Governor Luis Muñoz Marín. This was the man who started it all. And thus was the period when their economic development program was beginning to show its first significant signs of success. With Muñoz as our guide, we learned about it firsthand.

A gamble they had to take

Muñoz named the program Operation Bootstrap. And he told us what a big gamble it was on the part of the people of Puerto Rico. But it was a gamble they realized they had to take.

Puerto Rico, with its dying one-crop economy and its exploding population, was down and out by 1940. The island was labeled "The Stricken Land."

But by the late 50's, however, industry had surpassed agriculture as a source of income. And I could see that the effort to lift the island literally by

its bootstraps had many people turned on both here and there.

Something for everyone

And for good reason. Operation Bootstrap was working. Why? Not out of idealism. But because it offered them and in fact offers now something for everyone involved. The Government, which wants to improve the economy of the island. The workers, who need jobs. And manufacturers, who see the benefits of this kind of close cooperation.

The people at Puerto Rico's Economic Development Administration (they call themselves "Fomento") can give all the pertinent facts and figures.

But I can tell you that Puerto Rico offers 100% tax exemption to qualified manufacturers. That Puerto Rico offers duty-free entry to the United States. That there is an abundant supply of workers ready to go to work tomorrow.

I suggest that if you are looking for a new plant site, you would be making a mistake if you did not include Puerto Rico in your list of locations 99

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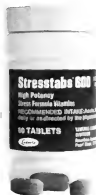
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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDIEY

A MOVEABLE FAMINE: HUNGERING FOR FAME BEYOND DAVENPORT AND PALATKA

Pat Jordan has chosen as an epigraph for his third book a passage from Ernest Hemingway's posthumous memoir, *A Moveable Feast*. He has chosen wisely and well: "With so many trees in the city, you could see the spring coming each day until a night of warm wind would bring it suddenly in one morning. Sometimes the heavy cold rain would beat it back so that it would seem that it would never come and that you were losing a season out of your life . . . when the cold runs kept on and killed the spring, it was as though a young person had died for no reason."

"Life had seemed so simple that morning when I had awakened and found the false spring . . ."

A False Spring is the title of Jordan's book (Dodd, Mead, \$7.95), and it is indeed about "losing a season out of your life." Jordan has written a sports memoir unlike any other, a painfully introspective look at the glittering hopes of his youth and the three minor league seasons in which those hopes were crushed.

That Jordan's book is about failure rather than success is enough to make it unusual in any sports library; we have, traditionally, liked our sports literature to be about heroes and how they got that way. But the distinction of *A False Spring* does not lie in its mere differentness. It is admirable on a number of more important counts: as a consideration of what it means to own the gift of talent and then to abuse it, as an account of the passage from boyhood to maturity, and—Jordan's own career notwithstanding—as a celebration of the joys of baseball.

Today, Jordan is one of our most admired sportswriters, the author in recent years of two fine books, *Black Coach* and *The Swimmers of Spring*. But a couple of decades ago he was a high-school pitcher possessed of a formidable fastball, a smoothly synchronized delivery and big-league ambitions. When he signed with the Milwaukee Braves in 1959, at the age of 18, he got a \$45,000 bonus, his picture taken with Warren Spahn, and an assignment to join the McCook Braves of the Class D Nebraska State League.

He was a coltish and arrogant youth; he arrived in McCook wholly persuaded that he would bring the league to its knees and move on to greater things within a fortnight. Almost immediately, however, the pattern that was to characterize his professional as-

ner was set: one good game in every four. He was utterly without consistency; not having the patience or discipline to refine his craft—to develop control and savvy to complement his fastball—he shifted wildly from triumph to disaster.

The next year, playing in Davenport, Iowa, Jordan experienced a moment that, he realizes in retrospect, illuminates his entire career. He was pitching against the most respected hitter on the opposition, and he was humbling him: "I just threw fastball after fastball, and he kept swinging as hard as he could, falling to one knee each time. The sight of him on one knee was what I pitched for. I loved such moments even more than a satisfying career . . . My career was no esthetically well-made movie—rising action, climax, denouement. It was a box strewn with unnumbered slides. . . . I was seldom able to sustain such moments for nine innings. I would pitch four, five, six innings of beautiful baseball and then would lose it all."

As his career crumbled, Jordan became increasingly distant, abrasive and temperamental. He was so completely absorbed in himself that he missed, ignored or rejected friendly overtures from others—a girl in Nebraska, a landlord in Iowa, a pitching coach in Georgia. It is, he says, an aloofness he has not lost: "As I go about my ordinary day, I'll wonder, now, what people are passing, unseen, through my life, only to be remembered years later with a warmth I never felt at their moment of passing."

Jordan finished his brief career with the Palatka (Fla.) Azaleas. He was married by then and growing up; he realized that his dream was over, and he was playing out the string. He ends his story with a question that has haunted many a washed-up player: "What would I be without baseball?" The answer, need it be said, is in this book.

Jordan's false spring was over. But he learned from it a lesson he summarizes as he describes all those who have failed: "Those who had gone away had learned, many for the first time, how to lose. And what they'd lost was the first, the purest and the most precious dream they could ever have. They'd lost perpetual youth, innocence, the dream of playing a little boys' game for the rest of their lives. In their minds no dream would ever equal that, and so no future loss would ever affect them in the way that first one had. When they returned home, then, it was with an indifference to loss and with grace to shrug off defeat in a way those who never challenged that dream could ever do."

Is that a romantic view, a sentimentalization of the baseball dream and those who dream it? Perhaps so. Yet it is a hard truth, one many American men refuse to acknowledge. That Jordan reached this insight through baseball is less important than that he reached it at all, and that he has written so eloquently of his passage to it. **END**



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SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CRICHTON

THIS IS DRAMA?

"Ladies and gentlemen [time-out], you no doubt are wondering [time-out] why I have brought all of you [time-out] together this evening. [time-out] I am now [time-out] going to reveal [time-out] what killed basketball [time-out]. Too many [time-out] time-outs in the last 20 minutes."

TWANG WHEN THE TWAIN MEET

Although the quality of Japanese baseball continues to improve—it is now considered superior to the play in the top U.S. minors—what impressed their hosts most about the visiting Chunichi Dragons and Tokyo Giants in Florida spring-training camps this winter was their conditioning. Although it was winter in Japan, too, the Japanese arrived ready to play and none of them complained of aches or pains or appeared to get hurt. Were they hiding their frailties, or were they as healthy as they seemed?

They were and are plain healthy, said Chunichi Manager Wally Yonamine in Tokyo last week, and one reason is Japan's almost obsessive interest in calisthenics. "With the Japanese, exercise is something as essential or ubiquitous as their morning bowl of bean-paste soup," said the Hawaii-born Yonamine, who has spent 24 of his 50 years in Japan. They begin as kindergartners and cannot kick the habit even in old age. Instead of coffee breaks in government or corporate headquarters, daily at 10 and 3 a shockingly rhythmic air will be piped out on the public-address system and everybody from directors to computer key punchers will break away from their desks and plunge into five energetic minutes of calisthenics.

The habits of a lifetime are even more ingrained in ballplayers, said Shigeo Nagashima, the Tokyo Giants' new manager. The American major-leaguers could emulate the Japanese, he said, "but in the final analysis . . . the cultural shock would be too great to make it realistic for our American colleagues." He

was referring to *jirushi rewaku*—literally, independent training. In mid-January, after the close of the New Year holidays, Japanese players go to the mountains in small groups and run up and down the slopes, bathe in icy water and sometimes indulge in Zen meditation for hours on end. By the time they show up for spring training they are in tip-top shape.

But the Japanese may be getting soft. Both Yonamine and Nagashima fell in love with the "heavenly" sunshine of Florida. So did Sadaharu Oh, the Giants' renowned slugger, who left Vero Beach in marvelous shape. Back home in Tokyo, though, the weather suddenly was too cold for him and twang!—he pulled a thigh muscle. He was sidelined until last Sunday's season opener.

FIVE MORE YEARS

In Maryland, new license plates are issued every five years. Bill Burton, outdoors editor of the Baltimore *Evening Sun* and an outspoken critic of persistent, broad-spectrum insecticides, recently received his: DDT 432.

ALIEN CORN

At last month's NCAA indoor track and field championships, many administrators, among them Don Canham, athletic director at the University of Michigan, were hardly overjoyed to see foreign athletes take nine of 15 titles. Canham said, "We're getting a bunch of semiprofs who have competed three or four years abroad before enrolling in American colleges. . . . My big beef is the age difference, with seasoned foreigners of 25 or 26 competing against our teen-agers."

How soon we forget. Back in the 1950s and '60s, when Michigan was more of a track power and Canham was the coach, at least one of his best three athletes in 16 different indoor and outdoor events was a foreign student. Among his Big Ten champions and/or school-record holders were sprinter Tom Robinson of the Bahamas, middle distance runner Tony Seth of British Guiana, miler Ergas Lepo

of Canada (via Estonia), distance runner Don McEwen of Canada, high jumper Brendan O'Reilly of Ireland, long jumper Lester Bard of Antigua, discus thrower Rosta Nilsson of Sweden and pole vaulter Eeles Landstrom of Finland. There were lesser lights from Denmark, Norway and West Germany, and a host of Canadians. Nor were all of them short in the tooth. Landstrom was 28 when he finished competing.

But this is not intended as criticism of Canham. In recruiting foreigners he may have improved the Olympic prospects of homegrown athletes by subjecting them early to stiff international competition. Certainly U.S. trackmen did well in the Olympics of his coaching years. Not one of his foreign imports won a gold medal.

END OF A PERFECT DAY

Claude, a New Orleansian whose last name is not necessary to this story, was



famed for his volcanic temper on the golf course, but on this beautiful day he was quiescent. No grimaces or gestures, no hostile contortions or excuses for errant woods and shanked irons, lost balls and missed putts—although all were there in their customary numbers. Claude played in perfect silence as his companions marveled at the course's splendid condition, at fairways that were rolling, at greens that held.

At the 10th, however, the light banter turned to apprehension. Claude hit three new Titenks into the lake: a blooper, a topper and a slice. He had never before produced a series of shots like this with-

continued

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Of course, we've never heard a passenger say, "I like to fly Pan Am because of their mechanics."

But we have heard pilots say it.



PAN AM

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out spewing lava and ash on the sward. But on this memorable day, Claude was a study in rectitude. Carefully, almost tenderly, he put the offending club back in his golf bag, asked one of the four-some to see that the bag was returned to his locker in the clubhouse and, waving a sad, silent farewell, jumped into the lake.

THE HONEYMOON IS OVER

As it must to all men in baseball, the time came when Johnny Bench had to explain to his bride, model Vickie Chesser, the advantages of chewing tobacco during a game.

"To start with," the Cincinnati catcher said, "the catcher's mask offers problems for sunflower seeds, which I enjoy. When you spit them out, they tend to hit the iron bars and pop back at you. They pile up below the lip, and that's uncomfortable."

"Bubble gum is tiring. You have to chew it all the time, and your face rubs against the mask. Worst, try to blow a bubble in a catcher's mask. It can be a mess."

"But with a chew," Bench said reassuringly, "you have everything. You can chew it occasionally or just let it sit there and rest. Between innings it gives you something to do in the dugout, and it's great when you're mad. You can spit, and get rid of your feelings. An ump would throw you out if you kicked dust on him or gave anybody the bird, but who is to say when you spit whether you're sore or just spitting for personal relief and satisfaction?"

ORIGIN OF SPECIES

A young man with tie pins to sell thought he had a captive audience in the bird watchers fluttering around Newburyport-Salisbury, Mass. last week in hopes of catching sight of its exotic Arctic visitor, a Ross' gull (SCORECARD, March 17). He misjudged the expertise of his audience, however. The pins cost \$3 and depicted what an accompanying card described as "Ross' gull . . . 'The Bird of the Century.'" But these birders weren't so gullible. They quickly spotted the fake as a cross between a herring gull and a tern.

TESTING CLIMB

There were some difficult moments before a British Army expedition reached the top of Mt. Nuptse, at 25,600 feet the

third-highest peak in the Everest triangle. Nuptse is unique in the Himalayas. Not only are there the usual hazards of height, avalanches and blizzards but the only route to the summit is a sheer face involving Alpine-style vertical rock climbing. At one point the expedition placed several climbers at 20,000 feet only to have them run out of food. Later, after 300 man-days had been used to haul provisions to a point near the summit, the camps farther down the mountain ran out of supplies.

Disaster? Bad planning? Not really. This climb took place on a computer in a management consultant's office in London. Now, with all foreseeable problems solved in advance, the real thing is under way. If the computer was programmed correctly and there are no unforeseen occurrences, the climbers should be clapping each other on the back and offering congratulations all around by the end of this month.

HIS SHARE IN HIS CASTLE

What to give the young married couple who have everything but money? A vacation apartment for two weeks each year, guaranteed forever. With a view, it comes extra.

This winter the Sea Pines Company of Hilton Head Island, S.C., an extensive playground of private homes and rental villas, introduced what it claimed was a new concept in resort reality, time-sharing. The idea got its start in Europe some 2½ years ago, and has been tried on a small scale at Lake Tahoe. In addition to selling condominium apartments to customers, which continues to be its main business, Sea Pines is offering the use of an apartment for a specified period, say two weeks in April, in perpetuity. The purchaser owns the apartment for the same two weeks for as long as he cares to. He also can will it to his children.

The scheme is the child of inflation and hard times. With one-bedroom units at Sea Pines costing from \$50,000 to \$55,000 and two-bedroom units in the \$65,000 to \$70,000 range, there is no way many young couples—the age group most likely to be attracted to Sea Pines' tennis courts, golf courses, marinas, stables, bicycle trails, pools and ocean frontage—can afford them. With time-sharing, however, they can buy a one-bedroom apartment for two weeks in the winter, the least desirable season, for \$2,900, or a two-bedroom unit for April

and the summer, the peak times, for \$5,800. Upkeep and fixed costs run to \$125 per year. A room at The Hilton Head Inn costs \$210 a week to rent, and rentals from condominium owners run from \$123 to \$1,344 a week.

There are drawbacks. Time-sharers take a chance on the owners the other weeks of the year—51 weeks will be sold, one will be reserved for repair and maintenance—and unless they can trade weeks, they are locked into the same time slot. Further, management will not lift a hand to help rent the apartments, as it does for condominium owners. Still, the idea is catching hold. After six weeks, 120 time segments have been sold in the three condominium sets aside for the experiment, and Sea Pines says it is processing several hundred other inquiries, some from parents who want to give the shares to their children. Jim Anthony, the man in charge, thinks it is possible that sometime in the future time-sharing might be the chief way most people buy their home away from home.

GETTING TO THE COURT ON TIME

Tommy Puckett, a Lexington, Ky. policeman, was scheduled to marry Julie Gaskin at 3 p.m. last Saturday. The invitations were already in the mail when the bridegroom realized to his dismay that the University of Kentucky-Syracuse NCAA semifinal game was scheduled for the same day, same time. With his fiancée's consent he sent the wedding guests postcards bearing a picture of a basketball player, changing the time to 2 p.m. and adding the postscript: "UK is No. 1, Puckett-Gaskin Wedding No. 2. See you at the church and tip-off, too. Julie and Tommy."

THEY SAID IT

- Duke Snider, Montreal Expos coach, advising Pitcher Dennis Blair: "You know you're pitching well when the batters look as bad as you do at the plate."
- Carol Stallworth, former president of the WFL Birmingham Americans, on her new job: "What's wrong with tending bar?"
- Linda Crutten, coach of the girls' basketball team at Dieruff High in Allentown, Pa., the state champion, proposing a way of getting around a court order permitting boys to compete on girls' teams: "Make the required uniform skirts. I don't think the boys would want to play then."

END

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EPA Buyer's Guide tests show Delta 88 at 14 mpg city and 18 mpg highway with the standard 4-bbl. 350 V-8—tops in its class—and as good as some mid-size cars, and even compacts, with V-6s.

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Oldsmobile's Ninety Eight with standard 4-bbl. Rocket 455 V-8 achieved 12 mpg in the city test, 16 mpg in the highway test—unsurpassed among America's most luxurious cars.

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15 mpg city test



CUTLASS V-8

20 mpg highway test
16 mpg city test



DELTA 88

18 mpg highway test
14 mpg city test



NINETY-EIGHT

16 mpg highway test
12 mpg city test



TORONADO

16 mpg highway test
11 mpg city test



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145

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Would it surprise you to learn that life insurance now costs less than it did ten, even twenty, years ago?

Which, in this age of inflation, would seem to make it one of today's best buys—as long as the buyer knows enough not to lose the advantage by having it cost him two or three times more than it should (and could) for the same policy.

The Bankers Life believes you're entitled to get the most protection possible from your life insurance dollar. So we're offering two timely booklets that will give you the

basic facts you need to be an informed buyer. One compares different kinds of policies and their features without trying to influence your choice in any way. The other shows you how to compare companies and their costs. It doesn't quote you prices—ours or anyone else's—but you will be better prepared to select the right company for your family . . . even if you don't choose us.

And we promise, unless you ask, no one will call. Send for them now. Because in times like these knowing *how* to buy is one realistic answer to inflation.

The whole family's guide to saving natural gas.

START BY TAKING A GOOD LOOK AROUND THE LIVING ROOM.

Lowering the thermostat is an important way to save gas. Are the heating outlets clear so the gas heat can circulate? If not, shift the furniture a little. When you're not using the fireplace, be sure to close the flue. You can put the sun to work for you, too. Open the drapes to let the sun shine in, close them at night to keep out cold.

IF YOU PLAN AHEAD, YOU CAN REALLY SAVE GAS IN THE KITCHEN.



One-place cooking is a good idea. If you're doing a roast, for instance, you can bake your potatoes in the oven too, instead of cooking them on top of the range. Don't preheat your oven for any longer than you need to. When

cooking vegetables, use small amounts of water and turn down the flame so they will simmer gently. Your beans and carrots aren't going to cook any faster at a galloping boil.

DON'T LET GAS ENERGY GO DOWN THE DRAIN. IT'S MUCH TOO VALUABLE.

It takes gas to heat hot water, so turn the faucets off tight. If you still have a drippy faucet, you probably need a new washer. Better get it—one small drip can add up to 3,280 gallons a year. At bath time, you can use less hot water and still have a good bath. Or if you happen to be a shower taker, maybe you can hurry things up and finish before the fifth chorus.

KEEP THE GREAT OUTDOORS OUTDOORS.

One of the most important gas-savers is a house with good insulation. If you have an unfinished attic, you can save heat by insulating it. It's a good idea to check all your door and window frames and weather-strip wherever needed. You can save a lot of heat—and gas, too—by putting up storm windows and storm doors.



GET THINGS ORGANIZED IN THE LAUNDRY.

Plan to do full loads in your washer and dryer. Your gas dryer will work more efficiently if you always clean the lint filter after every load.

IT HELPS IF YOU KNOW YOUR WAY AROUND THE FURNACE ROOM.



If you have a forced-air system, check the furnace filter about once a month. If it's dirty, replace it. You save gas when the furnace works efficiently, so call your dealer, or contractor, and have it checked at least once a year.

These may sound like small things, but if we all do them, it will add up to worthwhile savings of America's natural gas resources.

USE GAS WISELY. IT'S CLEAN ENERGY FOR TODAY AND TOMORROW. **AGA** American Gas Association



WHAT A WIZ OF A WIN IT WAS

Led by Richard Washington's 28 points, UCLA defeated Kentucky 92-85 to give John Wooden a wonderful retirement gift—his 10th NCAA title

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

Monday night in the San Diego Sports Arena college basketball went off to meet the Wizard of Westwood for the last time. Having arrived in California 27 years ago as something of a scarecrow, John Wooden went out like a most uncowardly lion. UCLA, which under Wooden has failed to win only two of the last 12 NCAA championships, won this one by holding off Kentucky 92-85.

At the finish Wooden remained true to his image; except for an emotional outburst or two during a very emotional game, he was the kindly Tin Man to the end. "I didn't really feel differently about this game," he said. "Just very proud."

Even the Wizard, having announced his retirement on Saturday, must have sensed the extra impact of the game's two most honored schools meeting in his farewell. Here were UCLA and Kentucky, which had won more than a third of all the NCAA basketball titles ever played, evoking memories of Hagan and Ramsey and Issel, of Goodrich and Alcinder and Walton. And here was Wooden one-on-one with destiny.

"It will be sad if he loses," said retired Kentucky Coach Adolph Rupp, "but he's got enough of those darn trophies. Johnny's in against me tonight."

The Bruins also were in against a massive Wildcat squad that had reached the final on muscle, manpower and the deft shooting of freshman Jack Givens. But if the thin list of six Bruins who played in the final, including slender Centers Richard Washington and Ralph Drollinger, felt they couldn't handle the burly Wildcats they didn't show it. Drollinger got 13 rebounds and 10 points in 16 min-

utes, while Washington, who split his time between the pivot and forward, scored 28, added 12 rebounds and found the time to help hold the Wildcats' three hulking freshman centers to eight points. "I even surprised myself," said Washington, the tournament MVP.

The furious pace of the first half, in which there were 15 lead changes and five ties, continued in the second period until UCLA broke away to a 66-56 lead with 12 minutes left in the game. Kevin Grevey, whose 18 first-half points had sparked Kentucky, was silenced by Bruin Captain David Meyers during UCLA's surge. Then Grevey suddenly came alive again, scoring 10 points, and Wildcat floor leader Jimmy Dan Coener finally escaped the defensive clutches of Pete Trgovich. Kentucky scrambled to only a point back with 6:49 remaining.

At that moment the Wildcats had a chance to take the game by the throat. That they didn't was another example of the uncanny luck that UCLA enjoyed all week. With the Bruins ahead 76-75, Meyers went up for a jumper but fell into Grevey and was called for a foul. Screaming and pounding the floor, the Spider was hit with a technical, whereupon Wooden shouted, "You crook!" at Referee Hank Nichols and rushed onto the court.

Kentucky had a possible five-point play—a maximum of three free throws followed by possession of the ball. But Grevey, who finished with 34 points, missed the technical and then the first of his one-and-ones. Wildcat sub James Lee set an illegal pick on the ensuing play, and Kentucky had come up empty.

Meyers then hit on two free throws

that were matched by Bob Guyette's bank shot, but the ubiquitous Washington tipped in Marques Johnson's miss for an 80-77 lead. The Wildcats never got closer.

After the game UCLA Guard Andre McCarter, who had made 14 assists, and a key late basket, embraced the 64-year-old Wooden and said, "Coach, I hope you have a nice life." The Wizard's eyes sparkled just a little.

UCLA Assistant Gary Cunningham elected to follow his boss's example and give up his job, leaving the choicest coaching position in college ball open to everybody from Louisville's Denny Crum to San Clemente's Dick Nixon.

Crum, who had wept upon hearing of Wooden's retirement, is not in the best of favor with UCLA Athletic Director J.D. Morgan. That makes the probable choice Gene Bartow of Illinois, who opposed Wooden in the 1973 finals while coaching Memphis State.

With the wisdom of youth, sophomore Johnson spoke for the team when he said about Wooden's successor, "He won't be no half-stepper who doesn't know what he's doing." He better not be. The steps he will try to fill are too big for that.

Before the unfolding of the UCLA coaching melodrama and the games themselves, the Bruins seemed to be the forgotten entry among the final four. What happened was that the game's glit-

continued

Kentucky's Givens (31) shot out Syracuse, but was shut out in second half by UCLA. After his basket beat Louisville, UCLA's Washington (31) joined 24-point man Meyers (34) and junior McCarter (14 assists) to stop the Wildcats.





NCAA BASKETBALL

tering show-case had come to the sunny Pacific shores, UCLA's home turf, but all people could talk about was how many thousand drunken Kentuckians had closed Bully's bar each night or whether there ever had been anything as hilarious as a Syracuse practice.

Because two teams representing the Commonwealth were there, San Diego was overrun with Kentuckians. Nobody rode Secretariat across the country, but fans of both Louisville and Kentucky arrived by plane, bus, car and hillbilly wagon. One charter flight ran out of hourbon over Little Rock, Ark., and had to make a refill stop in Amarillo, Texas, lest the thirsty mob storm the cockpit with empty Old Grand-Dad bottles.

Upon their arrival, supporters of the teams took up residence in neighboring hotels on Harbor Island and, depending on their affiliation, a) argued that Kentucky is afraid to schedule games with

Louisville or b) inquired Louisville who?

Even Governor Julian Carroll joined the fray. He telephoned the NCAA to ask if he could present the championship trophy to Kentucky in the event the Wildcats won the tournament; he neglected to mention Louisville.

After debating where to go sight-seeing, the Louisville team opted for Tijuana. Kentucky visited the zoo.

"Shouldn't your team be favored because of these distractions?" Wooden was asked. "They've seen all this stuff."

"Not with me they haven't," snapped The Wizard. "I went to Tijuana once, and I'm never going back. And you don't have to go to a zoo to be in a zoo."

Syracuse Coach Roy Danforth could testify to that. The Orange rooting section is called "The Zoo" in appreciation

UN's Phillips and Co-center Robey squeezed Orangemen for 19 points and 15 rebounds

Despite Washington, Meyers (34) and Johnson, Cards pined up a 49-36 rebound edge

of its discerning tastes, but not many fans escaped their cages to make the long trip west. As a result Syracuse was missing a major weapon in its attempt to become something more than the most unlikely team in the finals since 1967, when the legendary Gilder Toram led his Dayton Flyers to the tournament.

The Syracuse menagerie featured The Enormous E, Earnie Seibert, a center who weighs 240 pounds and looks as if he were recruited from a tavern, Bug Williams, who wore dark glasses at practice, and a certain Neanderthal verve that made it a wonder the Orangemen ever got out of their dressing room, much less the East regional. "We're the goof-offs," said Guard Jim (Rat Man) Lee.

Kentucky's Guyette, Grevey and Conner watched the Syracuse practice Friday afternoon and were bewildered.

"Nobody's this bad," said Guyette. "Who's the clown in the shades?" said Grevey.

"Steve Wonder," said Conner.

The next day Kentucky-Syracuse turned out to be Ali-Wepner, only with more fouls. Sixty-one personals were called, not including the rabbit punches.

While the Wildcats' yoke of oxen in



the pivot, freshmen Rick Robey and Mike Phillips, worked over Seibert, the rest of the Kentucky defense held Orange star Rudy Hackett to three shots in the first half, and UK took a 44-33 lead.

Syracuse went more than four minutes without scoring to begin the second period and Kentucky's margin increased to 22 points. Though the Orangemen recovered to make it respectable, they took a fearsome pounding in the 95-79 defeat.

Another Kentucky freshman, Givens, who made up for Grevey's superb performance by gathering 24 points and 11 rebounds, revealed his prime motivation: "I love all the excitement," he said. "I love the police escorts."

Everybody knew of the emotion inherent in former UCLA Assistant Coach's face-off with his old school in the other semifinal. Everybody was aware that Pete Trgovich and Ulysses (Junior) Bridgeman had played on the same East Chicago team that had won the Indiana state prep championship, and that the Bruins' skinny guard was checking the Cards' versatile leaper. But only a few close friends realized the feelings that churned inside Wooden during this final week of his 40-year coaching career.

There had been hints of his departure. Last month Washington State Coach George Raveling reported that this would be Wooden's last tournament. Another Pac-8 coach said Wooden had told him that he was stepping aside.

Though appearing to be in fine health, The Wizard has not been sleeping well, and he has been starting his long morning walks as early as five a.m. A doctor advised him against agreeing to become the coach of the 1976 Olympic team.

Perceptive Bruin players were alerted before UCLA's final contest at Pauley Pavilion when Wooden told his team it would be the last home game "for a few people in this room."

Rumors continued last week. And signs. At a small dinner party the night before the semifinals the Bruin coach watched as a hobbling 73-year-old Rupp entered and had to be helped to his table. At that moment an unmistakable haunted look crossed Wooden's face.

"Hello, Johnny," said Rupp.

The next morning the Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner* played the story of Wooden's leave-taking all over the front page of its sports section. During the Kentucky-Syracuse game the UCLA coach read the articles about his own re-

irement. He decided right then he had to clear the air.

Even news of Wooden's departure, however, could not diminish the drama of UCLA's 75-74 victory over Louisville.

This war of attrition was not won in the trenches but in the territory high on the backboards. That is where UCLA's Johnson went to contribute two brilliant defensive plays that saved the game in regulation time and where Washington arrived to score the last two of his 26 points and the winning basket with two seconds left in overtime.

It had been a struggle of savage intensity from the very beginning. Fleet Louisville four times held early nine-point leads as the result of 18 points from Bridgeman and Allen Murphy. But Murphy calmed down a little and Bridgeman, hounded by Trgovich, turned off. Ulysses did not score a basket in the final 37 minutes of the game.

Even after Trgovich fouled out and sore-legged Meyers was switched onto Bridgeman, neither team could take command. With 48 seconds left and Louisville ahead 65-61, Center Bill Bunton blocked two Meyers shots but both times he batted the ball back into Bruin hands. Another desperate leap and Bunton fouled Washington, who made two free throws. On the succeeding inbounds play against UCLA's press, Johnson jumped up to spear Wesley Cox's pass and moments later jammed in the tying basket with 35 seconds remaining.

UCLA was in a semifinal overtime again, the same situation in which the Bruins had been dethroned by N.C. State last year. Meyers said later, "Nobody was thinking back. We were just super lucky most of the game. Then it was time for bread and butter."

And UCLA had plenty of both. And some more luck. After Murphy had scored seven points in the overtime to run his game-leading total to 33 and Louisville took a 74-73 lead, the Cardinals went into a four-corner delay offense starring designated dribbler Terry Howard. With 20 seconds to go UCLA was forced to foul. Howard only had to make both ends of his one-and-one to seal the victory, and he had made all his 28 free throws this season. But Howard missed.

After a UCLA time-out Louisville

lined up in a zone defense. The Bruins gave the ball to Johnson far outside; Washington faked toward the foul line, then drifted out along the baseline to receive Johnson's pass. The 6'9" sophomore lifted off, cocked and let go. "Our passive, easy-going, lovely person," as Wooden calls Washington, had cut Crum's Cards to pieces.

Downcast, Murphy and Bridgeman correctly analyzed that everything Louisville had tried had worked. The Cardinals had "given" the game to UCLA because they shot only 59.3% from the foul line and missed the first free throw on three one-and-one opportunities. Nonetheless, it was to the Bruins' credit that when the contest was on the line, once again they were up to taking it.

"I haven't been in that kind of game in a long time," said Meyers. "Both gangs flailing away, no moaning or messing around. It seemed like two UCLA's, one and the same."

Wooden spoke to the Bruins in the locker room immediately after the game. "I'm bowing out," he said in the vast quiet. His eyes went around the room and his voice cracked. "I don't want to. I have to." Then he walked away.

There was one last game to go. But no matter what happened in it, clearly UCLA would never be the same. **END**



After coaching them to their semifinal win, Wooden told his Bruins, "I'm bowing out."

JACK SHOWS GARY HE'S NO MASTER PAST

Globetrotting Player, preparing to defend his Augusta title, made his first U.S. appearance of the year and discovered that Nicklaus is still the kingpin

by DAN JENKINS



Paired with Player in the first two rounds, Nicklaus strutted his stuff with a 66 and 63.

Down among the moss and live oaks of a South Carolina retreat the Masters juices were starting to flow like the channel bass in Calibogue Sound. It was still two weeks before Augusta and the year's first major tournament, but there was little else on the minds of the golfing heroes who have been marching toward Georgia since 1975 began. For a while in the marshes of Hilton Head Island it looked as if Jack Nicklaus had broken into a dead run and everyone else was mired in the swamp. But by late Sunday afternoon, when things had settled down and the Heritage Classic had been decided as much by the diabolical hazards of the Harbour Town course as by Nicklaus' varied adventures on it, all that was proved is that coming up is the kind of Masters that will stir your grits, Miss Scarlett, ma'am.

Harbour Town was important as an Augusta trial run for several reasons. First, it is among the narrowest, toughest and most fascinating courses in the country. They not only can put the flags where only an alligator can find them, they can hide the fairways. Second, the Heritage had the strongest field of the year, what with Gary Player's arrival from South Africa, with Lee Trevino having won recently, with Johnny Miller supposedly rested and seriously pramping for the magnolias and azaleas, with Tom Weiskopf looking as poised and inspired as he had back in '73, with Hale Irwin beginning to show the form he had when he won the U.S. Open at Winged Foot, and with Jack Nicklaus hard at work on his game—thanks in part to all this Johnny Miller business.

What first occurred at Harbour Town in that atmosphere—marvelous course, top field, the Masters approaching—was one of the most audacious outbursts of golf that Nicklaus has ever produced. On Thursday, in a gusty wind that made the course's multiple hazards even more dangerous, Jack fired a five-under 66, led by three, and said it was "one of my best rounds in two years." This was just the hors d'oeuvre.

The next day Nicklaus jolted the place with an eight-under 63 that was so gorgeous he had to wonder whether he had ever played a better round. He hit every shot exactly as he wished, and when the wind took two of them into bunkers, he nearly holed out from the sand. He looked at no putt longer than 20 feet, and most of them were closer. Three of his

birdies were "stiff," and he even blew one at the 16th from two feet, which would have given him a 62. The round might easily have looked like a typo. Something in the 50s.

Jack was seen laughing uproariously out there after he had birdied the 12th to go seven under for the round and 12 under for the tournament. The woman who was carrying his scoring standard had apologized to him. "I'm sorry, Mr. Nicklaus. I don't have any red numbers beyond 11."

After 36 holes the Heritage appeared to be over. Jack had a six-stroke lead on Weiskopf, who had shot a 65 and lost ground. He was 11 shots ahead of Trevino, who said he was playing as well as he could play. There were 12 strokes between him and Player, who considering his recent arrival, had played beautifully. And he was 22 strokes in front of Johnny Miller, who had in fact missed the cut with 78-73 and perhaps was wondering if he had played too good too soon in January and February.

Player, who as Nicklaus' playing partner had seen the 66-63 from front row center, shook his head at a cocktail party Friday evening and said, "That is only the best golf Jack has ever played."

Nicklaus himself compared the 63 to some of his other treasures. It was better than his 64 at Augusta in 1965, he said. Better than his 65 at Baltusrol in 1967. Maybe not as good as the first 15 holes of his last-round 66 at Muirfield in 1972. "I can't think of a bad shot I hit," he said.

It wasn't until the 46th hole of the tournament on Saturday that Jack produced a bad shot, and this was what made it a contest after all. He hit a drive at the 10th hole that didn't have to go into a lagoon, but it did. Double bogey. He struck two more bad drives thereafter, flubbed a chip shot and posted a human 74 while Weiskopf was carving out a 68 to put them in a tie for the lead.

They were still tied through the first nine holes of the final round, with Jack moving along one hole in front of Weiskopf. But when Nicklaus reached the same back side where the mags had escaped him for a few brief holes on Saturday, he resumed his race toward Augusta. He jarred the pins out of the cups with his irons, shot three under for a closing 68, and won as comfortably as he had started off the week.

It was Nicklaus' second win in a row;

he had taken Doral two weeks earlier. Obviously, Jack has been working harder on his game and attitude than at any time since 1972, when he fully expected to score a Grand Slam. The results are evident and he admitted, "My swing pattern is better than it's been in a long, long time." It is just as obvious that Johnny Miller's success has contributed to Jack's renewed dedication.

As for Miller, it seemed strange that he would select last week's event to perform so poorly, to blow a cut for the first time since the summer of 1973. He was not swinging well, driving all over the ferns and marshes, and simply not looking like a fellow homing up for the Masters. And all of this happening on a course where he had twice won.

"I'm experimenting," Miller said, pretty much unconcerned about his play. "You need a high hook at Augusta, and I'm working on one."

Miller's theory about how to play the Augusta National may turn out to be the correct one for him, but it had a few historians amused. If you need a high hook to win the Masters, then a lot of green jackets will have to be sent back to Clifford Roberts by such low-hall hitters as Arnold Palmer, Jimmy Demaret and Byron Nelson, not to mention a fader named Ben Hogan.

Of more than routine interest at Harbortown was Gary Player, his mood and his thoughts. Here was the real golfer of the year in 1974, despite Miller's eight PGA tour victories and nine hundred billion in earnings. It was scarcely broadcast all over America, but Gary had quite a season, too, last year. Aside from winning two major titles, the Masters and British Open, he finished eighth and seventh in the U.S. Open and PGA, captured eight other 72-hole tournaments, and, as sort of an exclamation point, one 36-hole tournament. That's 11 victories, gang. And in so doing Player managed to win on no less than five different continents.

"Yes, I've been keeping up with the exploits of Mr. Miller," Gary said last week. "But I think the people who know the game realize what my career represents. We will all be judged on our careers when it's over. My ambition has always been to be the greatest golfer in the world. That means competing all over the world. This is still what I'm trying to do."

In one stretch last fall Player won the Australian Open, then traveled 52 hours

nonstop counting layovers, naps and a lot of standing around, trying to reach La Manga on the southern coast of Spain. He got there barely in time to tee off in the La Manga International Pro-Am—a European-type Crosby and four rounds later he had won it. The following day he went up to Madrid and outshot a select field over 36 holes in a thing called the Ibergolf tournament. That's just a typical example of what Player sometimes goes through, and he has done it for the past 20 years in his relentless effort to play golf around the globe.

Despite the strain of travel, he keeps on firing unbelievable scores. Down in Australia he shot a 63 in a howling wind and when he won the Brazilian Open in a place where you can't eat, he scorched the tournament with a 59. He wound up the year winning five of his last 10 tournaments and he finished second in the others.

So where has he been in 1975?

Well, until the Heritage Classic, Player had been home on his ranch near Johannesburg for six weeks, hanging around with his immense stable of race horses. He had entered only one tournament before the Heritage, this being the South African Open and, naturally, he won it. During this recent rest period he played only one 18-hole round of golf and not too many nine-hole rounds.

At the Heritage, Player said he went through the whole tournament mainly trying to adjust to the six-hour time change. Still he played superbly. He shot rounds of 71-70-70-74, winding up tied for 13th. He then pronounced himself right on schedule for Augusta.

"I don't think about the Masters in the way some of the other fellows do," Player said. "All I'm concerned about is getting my swing in shape the way I want it. You can talk about all the Masters strategy you want to, the type of shots you need and so forth, but that isn't how you win the Masters. You win the Masters, or any of the other major championships, with nerves. You've got to have the nerves on the last six or seven holes on Sunday."

Fine, so how does one practice nerves?

"I know how to do that, too, but I don't think I want to reveal it," he said, retaining some of the mystery that accompanies many of his worldly triumphs. Still, there doesn't seem to be too much Gary could say that Jack Nicklaus doesn't already know.

END

STIRRING UP THE DERBY BURGEOO

Foolish Pleasure looked like a sure Triple Crown winner—until last week. Then he was beaten by Prince Thou Art, California found Avatar and Kentucky had itself a horse race again by **TEX MAULE and WHITNEY TOWER**

With one sustained, surging drive that took him from last place to victory at Gulfstream Park last Saturday, a colt named Prince Thou Art completely rewrote the script for the upcoming Kentucky Derby. Until then the anticipated plot had been Foolish Pleasure against the world. Unbeaten in nine races as a 2- and 3-year-old, Foolish Pleasure had been looked upon by some as another Secretariat, for whom a Triple Crown would be routine, but in the Florida Derby he finished in the wake of the Prince, nearly $3\frac{1}{2}$ lengths back in third place, behind the winner and his Darby Dan stablemate, Sylvan Place.

And to complicate the 3-year-old picture further, in California a lightly raced colt named Avatar, a 5-to-1 fourth choice in a field of seven, scored an upset victory in the Santa Anita Derby.

Since both these races are harbingers of the big D in Kentucky, the upsets certainly caught the keen attention of the fringe owners, those hoping to hit with the eternal million-to-one shot. Instead of the Derby being a tight little race this year, with a few ambitious colts challenging the big horse, it appears now that the newly imposed limit of 20 entries for that classic will be tested.

The defeat of Foolish Pleasure was particularly startling, what with both the horses in John Galbreath's Darby Dan entry outrunning the odds-on favorite by decisive margins.

Lou Rondinello, who trains the Galbreath stable, denied that there had been a two-horse strategy in the race. "We thought both horses had a chance to win," he said. "We did not send Sylvan Place out as a rabbit to take away Foolish Pleasure's burst of speed. Sylvan Place went at him at the half-mile pole and ran by him. But that's the way he runs."

Jean Cruguet, who rode Sylvan Place, told a different story. "I sacrificed my horse a little bit in this race," he said. "I was supposed to keep my eye on Foolish Pleasure and I moved earlier than I



At Gulfstream, Prince Thou Art (1A) caught Foolish Pleasure (obscured) and Sylvan Place.

wanted to. If I hadn't used him up early, we might have been head to head with Prince Thou Art at the wire. I could have been closer."

Braulio Bueza, up on Prince Thou Art, rode a lovely race, rating his mount perfectly. He came by the grandstand the first time a contented last and stayed there until the far turn, when he asked the handsome dark brown horse for a run and got it.

"He changed leads on the turn and slid out toward the middle of the track," Bueza said, "but he didn't really lose any ground. He changed leads again in the stretch run, but he did it easy and he still didn't lose any ground. He's a kind horse, easy to ride and easy to manage. I thought he was a little tired at the finish, but all the other horses were more tired than he was."

"He's a don'tle horse," said Rondinello. "That's why you can keep him at the back of the pack. He doesn't mind. Then when you ask him for the burst, he'll give it to you if he has it. If he hasn't, he'll stay at the back. Today he did it."

All winter Rondinello has been working with Prince Thou Art to develop his ability to run over a distance, and the horse has responded even better than he had expected.

"He's grown up," Rondinello said. "I guess you could say he's a man now. So is Sylvan Place. Sylvan Place is a more with-it horse than Prince Thou Art, more lively, more alert. But both these colts will improve during the year. Don't all 3-year-olds?"

Both apparently will be entered in the Blue Grass Stakes in Lexington on April 24. Foolish Pleasure may go against them there, if he does not run in the Wood Memorial at Aqueduct on April 19.

"Sure, I'm disappointed," said John L. Greer, the 77-year-old Tennessee bookmaking company executive who owns Foolish Pleasure. "I've been expecting him to lose. I mean, a horse can't win all his races, can he? He seemed a little flat today, but I still think he's a great horse. One loss in 10 races doesn't mean that much, does it?"

In California much was made of Av-

Avatar's name and breeding. His owner, Arthur A. Seeligson Jr., a San Antonio oil and investment executive, told questioners, "Avatar means 'the object of great admiration.'"

His trainer, Tommy Doyle, was more explicit. "Avatar comes from Hindu mythology," he said. "It has to do with reincarnation; to be specific, the descent of a god in physical form."

Whether Avatar lives up to these definitions remains to be seen, but his performance in winning the Santa Anita Derby by a nose over the long shot Rock of Ages gave evidence that even if he isn't a god, he certainly isn't a dolt. As Jimmy Jones used to say about some of his Calumet Farm prospects, he comes from pretty good folks. His sire, Graustark, a son of Ribot, was a standout as a 2-year-old and a favorite for the 1965 Kentucky Derby until he broke down in the Blue Grass Stakes. His dam, Brown Berry, a stakes winner for C. V. Whitney, is by Mahmoud's son, Mount Mercy. So Avatar has every expectation of developing into better than an average colt.

"He should be even better at 4," said Seeligson. "He should age like good wine."

But in breeding, Prince Thou Art (named from a line in Whitner's *The Barefoot Boy*) probably can outpace Avatar. He's out of Pramonetta, a champion mare for two years, by Hail to Reason, the second stud in modern horse racing history to sire a winner of England's Epsom Derby (Roberto) and a winner of the Kentucky Derby (Proud Clarion).

Prince Thou Art's closing rush and the failure of the flagging Foolish Pleasure made the Florida Derby a memorable race. The Santa Anita Derby was exciting in a different way.

Rock of Ages, a long shot, took the lead nearly immediately and almost held it all the way. Behind him coming up the backstretch was Fleet Velvet, one of the three favorites. Jockey Jorge Tejeira dropped Avatar neatly into third, ahead of Diabolo and George Naxosod, the other well-regarded horses. At the turn for home Fleet Velvet ran out of gas, but Rock of Ages kept rolling. Tejeira moved with Avatar and got him in front of Rock of Ages just short of the sixteenth pole. Sandy Hawley, riding Rock of Ages and

something of a master at strong finishes, came on again, and at the wire both owners probably would have settled for a dead heat. The photo showed that was Avatar by a nose.

"The trouble with this colt of mine," said Doyle, "is that he always wants to pull himself up when he gets the lead. He does it even working out in the morning. I know he was fit enough to go nine furlongs and we felt all along that he had the potential. But we also felt that he might be somewhat green. All I know now is that if he's not the best horse I ever trained, he's the first horse I've had to win any kind of Derby."

Avatar ran the mile and an eighth in 1:47½. It is unwise to compare times at different tracks, but Prince Thou Art's time over the same distance in the Florida Derby was a staidly 1:50½.

LeRoy Jolley, who trains Foolish Pleasure, was upset by the modest pace in the Florida race. "It's hard to say any horse made a real move in a race as bad as this one," he said. "When I say bad, I mean nobody ran any part of the race. Except the winner. He made a good move, but the rest of them, including my horse, they walked all the way."

Barring accident or illness, Avatar, Prince Thou Art, Sylvan Place and Foolish Pleasure will meet in the Kentucky Derby, although Doyle is unsure of the precise path he will take to get there. He is a native of Dublin who grew up on the Currigh, Ireland's famous race-

course, before coming to the U.S. in 1951. His only Kentucky Derby experience was as an observer in 1953 when Dark Star upset Native Dancer.

"I would think we'd take Avatar either to the California Derby at Golden Gate on April 19 or to the Blue Grass Stakes," he said, "but before we make up our minds, I'm going to consult with a lot of my trainer friends who have had Derby experience. I want to do this thing right, and that means getting the benefit of the advice of trainers who have more experience with Derby horses than I do."

Doyle raced Avatar lightly as a 2-year-old; most European trainers do not like to run young horses hard.

"I would have preferred it if he had had no races in 1974," he said. "I like to go overboard in being slow and cautious with potentially good horses. He's a larger than average colt, maybe 16 hands one inch, with a build like Graustark. And he's a delight to train and be around, for he is kind and placid and yet combines that with a highly competitive spirit. He's a tiger when there's a horse in front of him."

Prince Thou Art shares Avatar's kindness and his aversion to losing. Foolish Pleasure and Sylvan Place are more nettlesome. With the four of them, plus possibly other challengers, encouraged by Foolish Pleasure's defeat, the Kentucky Derby suddenly looks like a wide-open horse race.

END

At Santa Anita, Avatar (center) was whipped through the stretch to gain victory by a nose.



THE CLASS WITH A LOT OF CLASS

The rookie crop in both the NBA and the ABA has shown more talent than any in years, which is one reason why the pro season has been topsy-turvy and why pro coaches tend to develop anxiety complexes by PAT PUTNAM



The Golden State Warriors had finished their early afternoon shooting drill and were repairing to the locker room to shower and dress. A few yards from the edge of the court, slouched down in the higher-priced seats at the Oakland Coliseum, Al Attles was answering his own question with a shrug. This is the time when basketball's two professional leagues select their respective rookies of the year, and the Golden State coach was wondering aloud what that really meant.

"I've never been sure just what they vote for," Attles said. "I mean, is it because a rookie is considered most valuable or most talented? Is he judged by statistics or by potential? Should he be measured by his accomplishments as an individual or by his contributions to a team? I think it should be a combination of all those things. It can't be easy, making the correct choice."

It won't be easy. There has been a rare abundance of outstanding first-year players in the NBA and ABA this season. "Give me all those rookies and three years to develop them, and you can have my whole ball club and the draft rights to my soul," says one NBA coach. At last count nine rookies were starting somewhat regularly in the 18-team NBA, nine in the 10-team ABA. The Spirits of St. Louis start rookies at both forward positions and at center, and they have the best rebounding front line in the ABA. The top offensive rebounder in each league is a first-year man. Atlanta and Seattle play with rookie-dominated lineups.

"They're all over the place," says K.C. Jones, coach of the Washington Bullets. "This is the best year I can recall. Well, I guess it's the best year since 1956 when Bill Russell, Willie Naulls and Tom Heinsohn came into the league. Almost every team is utilizing rookies."

The Spirits of St. Louis have an abundance of fine first-year men, most notably Barnes.

"There are more good rookies playing now than any year I can remember," says Chicago Coach Dick Motta. "That is one reason the league is so top-of-the-turvy this season. Seattle plays a flock of rookies, which is why they can go out and run Boston off the court, then turn around and lose by 36 to Golden State playing without Rick Barry. Something has to explain why so many teams in the league are unpredictable."

"Predictable?" St. Louis President Harry Weltman says. "We start three rookies and have gone with as many as five. One night we look like the greatest team in pro basketball and the next two games we look like something out of the Y.M.C.A. One night we outrebounded Indiana 75-48 and lost. We also had 34 turnovers and allowed 26 steals."

As Motta says, it is just such fresh-manesque brilliance and bobbles that have been the measure of both leagues all season. "That's why I don't count on rookies," he says. "We've got four here—Bob Wilson, Leon Benbow, Mackey Johnson and Cliff Pondexter—who would be right up there with the best in the league if they got to play."

At the moment the best in the NBA are probably Keith Wilkes of Golden State, John Drew of Atlanta, Leonard Gray of Seattle and Kansas City-Omaha's Scott Wedman. These four figure to be the leaders on the Rookie of the Year ballots.

But there is a ton of young talent no more than a step behind them: Brian Winters of the Lakers; Drew's teammates Tom Henderson and Mike Sojourner; Cleveland's Clarence (Foots) Walker and Campy Russell; Aaron James of the Jazz; Milwaukee's Gary Brokaw and Kevin Restani; Eric Monney of Detroit; the Bullets' Leonard Robinson; Tommy Burleson, Rod DeRline and Talvin Skinner, Gray's teammates at Seattle. And others.

"Like our Glenn McDonald and Kevin Stacom," says Boston Coach Tom Heinsohn. "Both could be super players, but we believe in working them into our pattern gradually."

Against such an imposing array the ABA counters with its own top rookies: Marvin Barnes of St. Louis, Utah's Moses Malone and Bobby Jones of Denver. Plus St. Louis' other young Spirits—Gus Gerard, Maurice Lucas, Fly Williams and Jimmy Foster; Denver's Jan van Brede Kolff, Virginia's David Vaughn, Billy

Knight and Len Elmore at Indiana; and New York's Al Skinner.

"It's just too bad there can only be one Rookie of the Year award," says Barnes, the 6'9" forward who is not supposed to make mature statements. "Look at our league: me, Malone, Jones and Knight. I wish all four of us could get it because we all deserve it. But three guys are going to be disappointed. It's something every rookie wants. It says you're the best. Each in his own way has had a heck of a year. I'm really impressed with Moses. He's so young. Boy, if I was still 20, can you imagine all the trouble I'd be in?"

Barnes has had enough trouble at the age of 22. By his own admission he is immature and irresponsible—and he is impossible to stay angry at for any length of time. For some reason he has never been totally forgiven for saying before signing with St. Louis that maybe he'd rather work in a factory. Then, in late November, he left the club, claiming he was being ripped off and announcing that he wanted to renegotiate his \$2.1 million contract. No way, said the Spirits. No play, no pay. A week later, after spending some time at a pool tournament in Dayton, Barnes returned, apologized and played. And how he has played.

"He's just a nice, irresponsible kid who can play great basketball," says Weltman, who once toured with a college all-star team that provided opposition for the Globetrotters. "He'd sure be a lot easier to deal with if he were surly. Then you wouldn't mind zinging him once in a while. But not Marvin. You can get angry at him, but when he walks in, you can't stay angry."

Ghetto-born and ghetto-bred, Barnes is, as Rod McKuen put it, making the morning last while buying up all the butterflies. He knows poor and now he knows rich, and has learned to live with almost as much gusto as he plays basketball. The only rookie All-Star starter, at last count he was scoring 24.0 points a game—fifth best in the league—and hauling down 15.6 rebounds, No. 3 in the ABA. He also leads the league in fines for swearing—which he says he has now forsworn—and for missing planes and being late to practice.

continued

Golden State got heat for taking Wilkes first in the draft. He has since cooled the critics.



There was, for instance, the plane he missed for a game in Norfolk. Then he missed the next one. And so, at the cost of \$800, Barnes chartered his own plane. Twenty minutes before the game he walked into the arena. With his uniform on. That night he scored 43 points.

"Marvin has had a great year," says Coach Bob Mackinnon, who believes in punctuality but is an understanding man. "He has had more to carry than any rookie in a lot of years. With all our rookies this is pretty much like an expansion team, and he has had to carry the club while adjusting to forward from center. He's extremely coachable. He just has to become more professional.

If he breaks a rule, he is fished just like any other player."

He grinned at a recollection. "Freddie Lewis, who has been around for nine years, tried to take him in hand, and damn if I reddie didn't almost muss a plane, too."

Barnes grew up in South Providence, R.I., one of the country's smaller asphalt jungles, and was hardly into his teens when a close friend died in his arms with four bullets in his body.

"South Providence is a tough place," Barnes says. "The hustlers, the punks, the junkies. I'm not ashamed of it. I just had it. I still go back to visit, but I don't want to live there." Basketball was the

way out, except that at age 16, although Barnes stood 6'5" he weighed only 165 and didn't want to play. He thought he was too skinny.

"I saw him in a phys ed class, and forced him to come out for the team," says Jim Adams, his high school coach. "We had Marvin and a bunch of football players. They bent on him unmercifully. But he never complained. If he had, they would have got him outside. So he learned to light back. He's been rough ever since."

An All-America at Providence College, Barnes came into the ABA at a strong 225 pounds and with quick hands, feet and mouth. "I guess I'm the Muhammad Ali of pro basketball," he says. One of his first moves was to buy a \$35,000 silver Rolls-Royce. The press gave him a hard time about that.

"I'm the best and I should have the best," he popped off. Recently, however, he said, "A Rolls is the only car I know of that goes up in value. You pay \$35,000 and you can sell it for \$40,000. Is that dumb? Also, now my mother has a nice home, gets an allowance and doesn't owe anyone a dime. And if she needed money tomorrow, I'd sell the Rolls yesterday."

Barnes has the curious faculty of knowing where he stands—and simultaneously being able to enjoy it and rebel against it. He doesn't mind playing in the band, it's just that he wants to do an occasional solo to merriment music.

"What I am is 22 years old," he says, "and a 22-year-old kid ain't no genius. People forget how young I am. I still like to do wild things. They want to take my youth away. I'm a basketball player, not a monk. When I'm out having a good time they interpret that as not acting my age. What age? I want to be young. I enjoy it. I like to go out, mess around, be happy. I tell the owners, 'Look, I'm just an ordinary guy. With all that bread, who wants to live on bread and water?' They say, 'No, Marvin, you've got to grow up and be responsible for the whole franchise.' They know I'm immature. If I knew better I wouldn't do some of the things I do."

"Like jumping the club. That was bad. I listened to some bad advice. What do I know? It's tough being a star. I had to buy two alarm clocks and I've got to get better sleeping habits. O.K. But I don't want to act like an old man of 30 when I'm only 22. I figure the time to know

—continued

Instant star Drew was Hawks' third pick. Guarding him is Wedman, the Kings' standout.



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PROFILE: Carr (25) is gregarious, people-oriented—likes to play drums and sing. Slaughter (32) is an introvert, preferring the solitude of fishing or reading.

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how to act right is when you're old because you don't want to mess around anymore anyway. But they keep telling me, 'You can't make any mistakes, Marvin. Don't miss any more planes, Marvin. Drink your milk, Marvin. Eat your vegetables, Marvin.' Bunch of frustrated mothers, I suppose having all the responsibility thrust on me is a compliment. But it's a pain, too."

Golden State's Keith Wilkes is 21 and also a rookie. He is the son of a Baptist minister. The vehicle Wilkes owns is a Volkswagen van. He arrives early for practices and planes. He carries 190 pounds on a 6'6½" frame and when he came out of UCLA, where he played in the shadow of Bill Walton, they said he was too thin to make it in the pros. When Golden State made Wilkes its first-round pick some people thought management had gone mad. Now operating in a shadow once more—Rick Barry's this time—Wilkes is averaging 14.2 points and 8.2 rebounds.

"You hear so much about today's younger generation and then you see Keith," says Attles. "He seems so in tune with life, so much more than most players. No one heads him into anything. He's the kind of youngster who can be part of a crowd but not be influenced by it. He's not going to do something just because everyone else is doing it."

Wilkes' progress in the pros was not easy. His first problem was that fans still appeared to resent his being the Warriors' first-round draft pick and his second was that backing up Barry, his break-in assignment, was a less-than-meaty chore. But before the season started two Golden State forwards (Cazzie Russell and Clyde Lee) went for various reasons to other teams and later a third, Derrek Dickey, was sidelined for a time with an injury. At that point Wilkes became a starter.

"Because of Walton a lot of people overlooked Keith's talent," says Attles. "He was a very fine but very unspectacular player. He's played under a lot of pressure and I think he's proved he has a great talent. And he has done it playing out of position at power forward. He really should be playing where Rick Barry is. He proved that when Rick was injured."

When Barry hurt his back several weeks ago Wilkes was shifted to the small forward position and was told that he now was the man. He responded with 25

points against Seattle, then scored 31 against the Lakers. When Barry returned, Wilkes went back to power forward, again in Barry's shadow.

"Playing with Rick isn't all that bad," says Wilkes. "I get a lot of open shots because of him. He's so great one-on-one, they all sag on him, leaving me open. And you learn a lot from Barry just watching him."

Says Attles, "Talking about that Rookie of the Year award. I don't know of any first-year player—and darn few veterans—who are making more of a contribution to any team. And a winning team. And he's just scratching the surface. You tend to forget he's a first-year man."

"The best thing is that he's not trying to be someone else. He's just trying to be the best player Keith Wilkes can be, and that's all you can ask."

"The award would be nice," says Wilkes, "but I don't get all wound up thinking about it. It's like when I came into the league—I didn't want to pressure myself. I had no expectations. I thought I could play to my satisfaction but I didn't know how long the transition would take." As it has turned out, it didn't take very long at all.

At Atlanta the transition of John Drew from college to the professional ranks took only the first 48 minutes of the season. That's the amount of time the 6'6", 205-pound 20-year-old from Little Gardner-Webb needed to score 32 points against Chicago in the NBA opener. "He's got my vote as Rookie of the Year right now," said the Bulls' Chet Walker. "He's the best rookie I've seen in four years."

"One day early in the season we were watching a tape of one of the games we played last season," says Cotton Fitzsimmons, Drew's coach. "We were watching Lou Hudson put on one of his good moves. I heard clapping in the back of the room. It was Drew. Now in a game, some guy on the other team puts on a good move and John still applauds. He's really something."

At college—or, as Drew says, at Sweet Gardner-Webb—the big kid from the little high school in Beaufort, Ala. used to save clippings on major college basketball stars. People like Bill Walton. They were his idols. He was scoring only 25.9 points a game last year, just so-so for a guy who once scored 77 and 74 points in back-to-back high school games.

"If you haven't seen J.D. shoot, you wouldn't believe him," says teammate Dean Meminger. "He's one of the best offensive machines I've seen in pro basketball. He's incredible now and he's going to be unbelievable."

Last year as a sophomore Drew entered his name in the draft as a hardship case, and Atlanta took him in the second round, 24 players being selected ahead of him.

"He's been awed somewhat," says Fitzsimmons, "but nothing dampens his enthusiasm. He poked his finger in Walt Frazier's eye early in the season, and all he could say was, 'Isn't that something? I finally see Frazier up close, and all I can do is stick my finger in his eye!' Just wait until he learns how to play basketball. He'll really be something."

While learning the game Drew has been averaging 18.5 points and just under 11 rebounds. More importantly, a good percentage of his rebounds have come off the offensive boards; in fact, he has the most in the NBA. Over in the ABA, Moses Malone, Utah's rookie center, leads in offensive rebounds.

"To tell you the truth, and with humility," Drew says, "I have to admit that the greatest all-around player in the NBA today is John Drew. I loved my coach in college. I cried when I left. I'm a great player, but I'm great because I work at it. I say my prayers every night. It's something my grandmother taught me. I don't think I've missed three days in my life. If I had to sit here and watch myself I'd have to say, 'Man, he's in a class by himself, nobody can touch him.' Defense isn't easy. People who tell you they like it are lying. Man, I love to burn veterans and see them taken out of a game. Man, this life is super."

The rookies. Lord knows they can play the game. But they are also people like John Drew, who may be the only player in the world who could score on a jumper over Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and then ask him for his autograph. Or like Keith Wilkes, the 190-pound power forward who stands in no man's shadow off the court. Or Marvin Barnes, who says, "Every once in awhile I like to go back to South Providence, to the ghetto. I go to the playground, and the studs there look at me and say, 'Hey, punk, just because you're a pro doesn't mean I can't beat you.' And we go one-on-one, beating on each other like we always did. Beautiful."

END

DORAL'S MENTHOL THEORY OF EVOLUTION



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BASEBALL

1975

GOING TO BAT FOR THE GAME

As baseball begins again, its life signs are strong, but thoughtful men like Sal Banda (left) warn that estranged fans and players must soon reunite

by RON FIMRITE

Baseball, because of its hoary tradition, is peculiarly vulnerable to tired accusations from the uninformed that it is impervious to change. They forget that change is more often subtle than abrupt and that baseball, like everything else, is endlessly changing.

Some of the changes—the gaudy new uniforms, perhaps, or the American League's designated hitter—even smack of radicalism. Others—the constant shifting of players from team to team, for example—occur regularly. But even this familiar fare can be flavored with sugar or spice. Catfish Hunter was not traded or sold to the New York Yankees by the world champion Oakland A's; he came to them by dint of a colossal contractual gaffe by his former employer, a tycoon heretofore celebrated for his acuity. Frank Robinson is not only the new manager of the Cleveland Indians; he is the first man of his race to achieve that eminence. And Henry Aaron is not just moving to the American League so he can extend his luminous career another year or two as a designated hitter; he is embarking on a pilgrimage to the city where that career began 21 years ago.

These are only superficial changes. Others are more profound. Baseball is constantly changing because the people in and around it are entirely different from those who came before. The owners are no longer men who grew up with the game, whose principal investment was the game; most-

ly they are businessmen of diversified interests, only one of which happens to be baseball. The players are no longer bumpkins with cardboard suncases; they are well-paid young men of an independent turn of mind. And the fan is no more the zealot whose devotion to the home team never flags; he is a consumer poking among numberless diversions in search of entertainment at reasonable prices.

On the eve of a new season, baseball appears to be holding its own with the eclectic spectator. While professional football attendance declined appreciably last year, major league baseball drew approximately as many fans as it had the season before, 30,025,608 to 30,108,926. And now life was breathed into weakening franchises. San Diego, which had drawn only 611,826 in 1973, attracted 1,075,399; Cleveland improved from 615,107 to 1,114,262; and Texas went from 686,085 to 1,193,902. Other franchises, notably San Francisco, Oakland and Minnesota, did less well, but the game's overall economic condition has been remarkably healthy in times that have grown increasingly hard.

"Baseball," says Commissioner Bowie Kuhn, flush with optimism, "is in the best position probably of any sport to hold its own in a less than ideal economic period. We have a price structure which is very moderate."

And yet the competition for what remains of the entertainment dollar is more strenuous than ever, and baseball

continued

should take into account the most serious change of all—the apparent estrangement of fan and player. Curiously, it is the player, not the owner, who seems most acutely aware of this problem. In his contract negotiations, in the conflicts between the owners and his Players Association, he has come to learn that the fan is not his ally.

"There is a big difference in our relations with the fans," says Oakland A's Captain Sal Bando, who epitomizes the assertive new athlete. "The diehard fan has gotten older, and the younger one has so much else he can do besides come to a game. How many kids do you see now listening to the game on the radio and keeping score? That type just isn't there anymore."

The new fan is not so different, however, that he does not continue to see baseball as a game. To the player the game is his livelihood.

"Once you're at the major league level, baseball becomes your business," says Bando. "You get demoted and transferred just as in any other business, the only difference being that your career is much shorter than the average worker's. I know the fan does not see it this way. He sees us getting all that money just for playing a game. I suppose the modern player is more of a prima donna than those of years ago. We do have it better, and you could say we're spoiled in that sense. But we took a stand for better working conditions. The older players were happy just to be playing the game. They were not as conscious of the future as we are. I honestly think we're an important part of society. We entertain people. And we make much less money than entertainers. But you don't hear Johnny Carson criticized for what he makes. Chances are, you don't even know. But our salaries are made public. Everything we do is public. Lawyers don't have millions of people looking over their shoulders when they make a mistake. We do. We are at the top of our profession. And we should be rewarded for it. The fans don't seem to see it that way. Maybe we should hire a public relations firm to get our message across."

There has been an increase in spectator violence over the past few baseball seasons, much of it directed at the players. Can it be that the fan sees the comparatively rich player as a foe, not a hero? If so, baseball and all other professional sports are in serious difficulty. The fan has changed in his attitudes and so has the player, but there is a reluctance on both sides to accept the change. The player may expect the oldtime flat-out loyalty; the fan may be looking for an oldtime player who wants nothing more than a chew of tobacco in his cheek and a bat in his hands.

The fact remains that the game probably has never been played better. The modern athlete, bankroll and all, is faster, stronger and better-trained at an earlier age than his predecessors. If the fan is paying more, he is also getting more. But he remains a tough audience, for he is understandably weary of the game's economics. Despite the changing relationship, player and fan still may have more in common than either realizes.

It is unreasonable to expect a ballplayer to remain in a state of frozen adolescence. The modern athlete is a grown-up with adult concerns, even if he does not always act that way. The game may be more of a business to him than a sport, but he is no less dedicated to it. A man can still love his work. We can only hope that never changes.

IMAGES LARGER THAN LIFE

Baseball is a game in which nothing much happens for a while and then a lot happens suddenly. To capture, to concentrate, to intensify such fleeting moments is a challenge to the photographer, and the portfolio on the following pages is the result of one man's acceptance of the challenge. At right, for example, that paragon of third basemen, Baltimore's Brooks Robinson, has been caught, distorted and yet somehow enhanced while executing a classic motion that might be titled Pickup with Peg to Follow. The photographer, Tamas Sennett, has taken pictures on high steel and in the jungles of the Amazon; now he has explored a novel danger zone. Shaoting pregame warmups, he was nearly hit by several line drives. An Oriole coach told him that he himself had once caught one flush in the face. A moment, far sure.







In immemorial counterpoint, the batter takes his cut in solitary concentration, unaware of the vendor crying his wares in the stands.

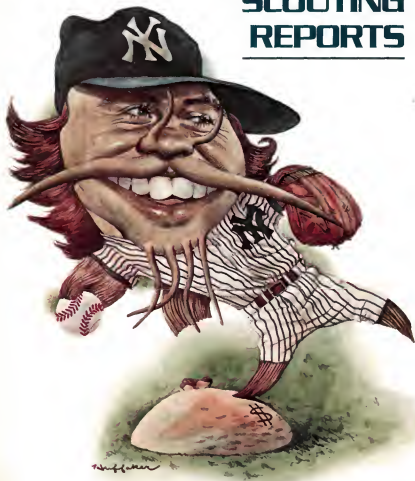


The pitcher rears back and throws, and suddenly there is the classic double-play tableau at second—or perhaps the stand-up double.



BASEBALL

SCOUTING REPORTS



From Brooklyn to the Bronx you got the same story all winter: the Yanks can't miss. Hadn't they picked up 25-game winner Catfish Hunter, a bargain at \$3 million? And wouldn't their other new sensation, Bobby Bonds, hit 65 home runs and steal 130 bases? The division would be wrapped up by Father's Day. Glory again.

Beneath this smog of Big Apple hyperbole was buried one pertinent fact: that team down in Baltimore had improved itself quite a bit, too. By spring training, reality had set in, and no one sensed it better than the objects of mythification themselves. "Baltimore has won the division five of the last six years," said Hunter. "You don't knock a winner." Added Bonds, "People keep talking about a second coming. From reading the Bible, I know there's only one Messiah, and I'm not him."

The Orioles have always traded well with the National League. Frank Robinson, Grant Jackson, Earl Williams, Mike Cuellar, Pat Dobson, Ross Grimsley and Tommy Davis came on over, and the next year there always seemed to be a title. Now Baltimore has acquired three National Leaguers, Rightfielder Ken Singleton (from Montreal), First Baseman Lee May (Houston) and Pitcher Mike Torrez (Montreal)—a No. 3 hitter, a No. 4 hitter and a fourth starter.

The switch-hitting Singleton has good power, and the fastball-hitting May could strike out more than 100 times, as is his wont, and still have 20 or more homers for the eighth straight year. "He's used to hitting in a big park," says Manager Earl Weaver. "We feel 20 homers are assured." Since Bobby Grich (19 homers, 82 RBIs) was the closest thing Baltimore had to a power hitter in 1974, May comes as a blessing.

Torrez completed a 15-8 year by winning his last six decisions, and at 28 he is four years younger than Dave McNally, the man the Orioles gave up to get him. He joins Cuellar, the 37-year-old Cuban wonder man, whose .665 win percentage over the last six years is the best in baseball; Grimsley (18-13); and the 1973 Cy Young Award winner, Jim Palmer. The uncertainty is Palmer, who won just seven games after injuring his elbow last spring. Bob Reynolds and Jackson, perhaps the best right-left relief combination in baseball, return in the bullpen.

AMERICAN LEAGUE EAST

Over the years one of the most decisive—and least appreciated—indexes of Oriole superiority has been defense. Golden Glovers Mark Belanger (shortstop), Brooks Robinson (third), Grich (second) and Paul Blair (center field) are back. Enough said. Elsewhere there is admirable depth at catcher (Andy Etchebarren, Dave Duncan, Elrod Hendricks, Williams) and in left field, where Al Bum-bry, fresh from hitting .354 in Venezuela, and veteran Jim Northrup will spell Don Baylor. And lest we forget, Tommy Davis (.289) has been the best full-time DH in the game.

In realistic appraisals of the Yankees, a number of questions have been raised. Can Hunter repeat as a 25-game winner with a mediocre left-side defense (Third Baseman Graig Nettles, Shortstop Jim Mason, Leftfielder Lou Piniella), as well as a sore-armed catcher (Thurman Munson)? Can the Yankees count on Pitchers Rudy May, Larry Gura and Mike Wallace, who were 19 and 5, to do as well again? And can New York better its miserable 41-49 record in the East?

Of course, the Yankees did finish just two games out, and assuredly they have improved. The upswing began during the second half of last season, when they played .625 ball after acquiring Second Baseman Sandy Alomar. Moreover, how many teams have picked up a Hunter and a Bonds in a single winter? Most anyone would concede Catfish his fifth straight 20-win season, and the imagination soars at what Bonds (186 homers, 552 RBIs, 263 stolen bases in seven seasons) might accomplish. Says Baltimore's Palmer, "The fact that he's a bad breaking-ball hitter and still has a lifetime average of .276 shows what kind of ballplayer he is." Given the green light by Manager Bill Vardon, Bonds could help the Yankees double their total of 53 stolen bases, worst in the league, and after windy Candlestick the fences in Shea Stadium

are going to seem awfully accessible.

Bonds joins a good-hitting team. Elliott Maddox hit .303 and finished eighth in the Most Valuable Player balloting. Ron Blomberg, Alex Johnson and Roy White are capable DHs, Nettles and Munson have power, and Piniella has a .288 lifetime average. Nineteen-game winners Pat Dobson and George (Doc) Medich are sure to make the rotation, and Rudy May will join them if he maintains his end-of-season form. As usual, the Yankees' last line of defense is irrepressible and indispensable Reliever Sparky Lyle.

And what are we to make of those huffing boys from Boston, the pride and despair of New England, the only team with a press book that knocks its own players? In their favor, the Sox did not immediately relinquish their lead as expected after Carlton Fisk was lost for the season with torn knee cartilage last June 28. But when Boston gave Luis Tiant 11 hits in four starts and ultimately lost eight straight, Fisk's bat was sorely missed. Fisk was jolted anew on March 12 when he was hit by a pitched ball and suffered a broken right arm. He will not be back in action until mid-June.

The Red Sox also are concerned about Pitcher Rick Wise (shoulder) and Second baseman Doug Grafton (back). Overweight last year, when he had a 12-14 record, a trammer Reggie Cleveland can expect to do quite a bit better. Tiant (22-13) and Bill Lee (17-15) cannot go it alone again. Indeed, with an undermanned bullpen, Boston probably will have to increase its league lead in complete games (71) to be a contender.

It would gladden all New England if Tony Conigliaro could make a comeback after 3½ years away from the game with eye troubles. The onetime heartthrob and rock star turned 30 the day before Elvis turned 40. Tony came to camp, got a hit in his first game—and pulled a hamstring. A sound Conigliaro would help, since 31-year-old Rico Petrocelli (15 homers, 76 RBIs) and 35-year-old Carl Yastrzemski (.301, 15 homers, 79 RBIs, 104 walks) might pick this year to begin slowing down. Much is expected of such youngsters as Rightfielder Dewey Evans (.281), Shortstop Rick Burleson (.284), Centerfielder Rick Miller, and neophyte outfielders Fred Lynn and Jim Rice. But all in all, an iffy team.

continued

Cleveland led the division on July 5, was in contention until September and drew one million fans for the first time since 1959, but was far too dependent on the pitching of Gaylord and Jim Perry, who accounted for 38 of the club's 77 wins. Now Manager Frank Robinson has mandated that Fritz Peterson win 15 to 20 games.

Peterson reported slumped down, for a change. Another heavy problem, Boog Powell, checked in from Baltimore to play first. It would be nice if he could manage to hit better than his weight (250) although Cleveland has adequate power in John Ellis, Oscar Gamble, Charlie Spikes, George Hendrick and Robinson. What the ponderous Indians, who were last in the league in sacrifice flies and walks, really lack are speed and smarts from players other than Outfielder John Lowenstein (36 stolen bases).

Henry Aaron's return to Milwaukee is more than good public relations. The Brewers need his bat. Though Pedro Garcia, Don Money, George Scott, Darrell Porter and John Briggs collectively hit 73 homers, the club was last in batting (.244), ninth in RBIs, 10th in walks and 12th in strikeouts. Manager Del Crandall hopes Aaron can hit 25 to 30 homers and 90 RBIs. "If I bat 200 times more [he was up 340 times in 1974], there's no telling what I'll do," Aaron says.

Brewer bats will have to be fearsome to compensate for a pitching staff whose biggest winner, Jim Slaton, had a 13-16 record. "I've always walked too many people," Slaton says, "but this winter in the Dominican Republic I walked something like 15 in 100 innings." His improvement, if maintained, would be helpful in June and July, months in which he won a total of two games in 1974. The brightest surprise of the summer was Bill Champion (11-4). Two other starters, Jim Colborn and Ed Sprague, have had knee operations. The defense, led by Third Baseman Money's .989 fielding percentage, the best ever at that position, is right up there with Baltimore's.

Detroit's problems start with its No. 1 pitcher. "I had torn cartilage in my knee the last six weeks of the season," says Mickey Lolich. "My record went from 16-14 to 16-21. They drained the knee and injected dye to see what was wrong. Every time I went in to see the doctor it felt better. He decided it wouldn't help to operate. I'm just keeping my fingers and toes crossed. I hope I

don't step into a hole." If he doesn't, Lolich, who has 2,540 strikeouts, should pass Bob Feller and Warren Spahn to become fifth on the all-time list. No. 2 starter Joe Coleman is trying to rebound from a disappointing 14-12 record. Lerrin LaGrew (8-19) began the exhibition season by giving up 14 earned runs in 3½ innings for an ERA of slightly under 38.00, which opens the doors for young pitchers with names like Ruhle, Lemanczyk and Holdsworth. You probably haven't heard of them, but then Pitching Coach Steve Hamilton hasn't, either. As things are, Reliever John Hiller could pitch more often than Mike Marshall.

Attendance plummeted 500,000 in 1974, and with Al Kaline and Norm Cash gone, it could drop some more. The best attractions are Lolich, Willie Horton, Nate Colbert, the power-hitting newcomer, and Centerfielder Ron LeFlore, whose speed and potential are the talk of the division. The spirit, at least, is entirely willing.

AMERICAN LEAGUE WEST

The fundamental difference between this season and last, the Oakland A's stoutly maintain, is that this time they will be obliged to play hard all the way to win their division. "We have a funny type of ball club," understates Manager Alvin Dark. "We really only played for 3½ months last year. When we got ahead by nine games, we played about 500 ball in August and September. This year it will take a little more a little longer."

The A's must shoulder the extra work load because of the unexpected loss of Jim Hunter, New York's newest millionaire. Hunter's defection, like that of former Manager Dick Williams before him, was yet another blow to the fragile dignity of a team that has won three consecutive world championships but appears to much of the baseball public as a roistering street gang. The A's pine for respect, but just when they seem likely to achieve it there will be a clubhouse fight or, as in the Hunter caper, some

egregious indiscretion by their eccentric owner, Charles O. Finley.

Without Hunter, the A's may not be as good as they were a year ago, but they will not be all that much worse, either. Lost in the Hunter hullabaloo, for example, was the acquisition of Billy Williams, who in 16 years as a Chicago Cub amassed 2,510 hits, 392 home runs and a career batting average of .296. "This is not just some guy you pick up," the A's Reggie Jackson says, "this is a Hall of Famer." At 36, Williams will be restricted mostly to designated hitting, which should prove a boon both to the offense and the defense, since fielding, either in the outfield or at first base, has never been his strong suit.

There will be other changes. Claudell Washington, the 20-year-old who hit .285 in 73 regular-season games and .571 in the World Series, will be tried in left field. Joe Rudi, the best leftfielder in baseball, will be shifted to first base, a position for which he has little affection. "It took me eight years to win a Golden Glove as an outfielder," he says testily. "Now they move me to a new position."

Last year's first baseman, Gene Tenace, will return to catching, sharing duties behind the plate with last year's catcher, Ray Fosse. A promising rookie, Phil Garner, will be the second baseman, replacing World Series hero Dick Green, who apparently has packed it in for certain after many tentative retirements. Campy Campaneris and Captain Sal Bando will again do their stuff at short and third, and Billy North in center and Jackson in right will complete an impressive outfield.

Pitching will be a bother, though, since Ken Holtzman (19-17), Vida Blue (17-15), Glenn Abbott (5-7) and Dave Hamilton (7-4) must necessarily pick up the slack left by Hunter's defection. Of these, only Abbott is a righthander, which will give the A's an unusually unbalanced starting rotation unless John (Blue Moon) Odum emerges from the bullpen and the ignominy of last year's 1-5 record. With Rolfe Fingers and Paul Lindblad at the ready, the A's have ample relief.

To hear Texas Ranger Manager Billy Martin talk, the A's with or without Hunter are no match for his youthful pretenders. "I thought we should be the team to beat even before Oakland lost Catfish," says Billy. "Now I definitely think we should be favored."

Skeptics are ill-advised to write off Martin's forecasts. Last season he boasted that his woeful tailenders would rise up to battle the A's to the wire, which is nearly what they did, finishing eight games above .500 and five games behind the division leaders. However, disbelievers may feel the Rangers played over their heads. For example, is Jeff Burroughs, who hit 25 home runs, batted .301, drove in 118 runs and won the league's Most

ful for the chance to prove himself on the field. "Billy Martin," says he, "is probably the only manager in baseball right now who is willing to look at me as a pitcher rather than as some kind of wife-swapping freak."

The two new Chicago White Sox pitchers, Reliever Cecil Upshaw and Starter-Reliever Roger Nelson, presumably will bolster a staff as short in numbers as it is long on durability. The busiest Chicks

ment the passing of his bat, which produced a .301 average and a league-leading 32 home runs. Still, sock should be provided by Ken Henderson, who batted in 95 runs, and Bill Melton and Curly May, who suffered subpar seasons. Melton's average dropped 34 points from 1973, May's dropped 19.

The Kansas City Royals saved their slump for the end of the season, but when it came, it was a beauty. On Aug. 25 they were in second place, 10 games over .500 and only four games behind Oakland. There followed in succession a 2-11 home stand and a 1-8 road trip. The Royals eventually tumbled to fifth place, the lowest finish in the club's six-year history.

So in the off season they looked for more pitching and catching and for help in the infield. They came up with a 38-year-old designated hitter, Harmon Killebrew, who, though fifth on the alltime homer list, hit only 13 last year. Hal McRae, last year's DH, will go to left, pushing last year's leftfielder, Jim Wohlford, into a contest for right field with Vada Pinson and Al Cowens. Amos Otis is in center, John Mayberry on first, Cookie Rojas on second, Fred Patek at short, George Brett on third and Fran Healy behind the plate.

"It was not necessarily by design that we didn't make more changes," says Manager Jack McKeon. "We just couldn't afford to give up the players other teams wanted. We feel this club can win with the players we already have. Our problem is a lack of depth. The important thing is that Mayberry [234], Otis [284, 73 RBIs] and Pitcher Paul Splittorff [19 losses] come back strong."

Although there are enough young Royals, Killebrew will be pleased to find himself among such contemporaries as Lindy McDaniel, 39, Rojas and Pinson, both 36. "I don't even know what to say to these guys," says Brett, a callow 21.

This will be the Twins' 15th season in Minnesota and their first without Killebrew. It will also be a critical one, since attendance has declined in three of the last four years and the team's lease on Metropolitan Stadium expires at the end of the season. There has been talk of a franchise shift, much of it tied to a drive for a new stadium. But a winning season might prove a balm. And the Twins have reason to believe they are ready. They have improving young players in Catcher Glen Borgmann and First Baseman Craig Kusiek and stabilizing older

continued



Ripsnorting Texas Manager Martin says the time is ripe to hook the A's.

Valuable Player award, really that good? Can Rookie of the Year Mike Hargrove, who hit .323, do it again? And has the veteran pitcher, Ferguson Jenkins (25-12), got another 20 wins left in his right arm? Yes, says Billy, to all.

Still, Martin does have problems. Aside from the redoubtable Steve Foucault, the bullpen is sparsely populated, and the Rangers are sorely in need of left-handers, both as starters and relievers. Jim Umberger, less than a year off the Arizona State campus, and Mike Kekich, formerly of the Dodgers, Yankees and Indians, may prove to be the southpaws they need. Kekich is at least grate-

ful for the chance to prove himself on the field. "Billy Martin," says he, "is probably the only manager in baseball right now who is willing to look at me as a pitcher rather than as some kind of wife-swapping freak."

have been Fireman of the Year Terry Forster (24 saves, seven wins), Wilbur Wood (20-19), Jim Kaat (21-13) and Stan Bahnsen (12-15), all of whom, as Manager Chuck Tanner ruefully notes, were productive in both the won and the lost columns. These laborers were helped from mid-season on by Bart Johnson (10-4), who is a positive thinker of the Silva Mind Control school. "The mind is a computer," Johnson instructs. "You can program yourself for anything. I programmed myself for strikes."

The White Sox's positive approach will likely be improved by the departure of negative Dick Allen, but the team will la-

ones in the perennial league batting champion, Rod Carew, at second base and the former league batting champion, Tony Oliva, at designated hitter. Carew may be moved from second to third in the batting order this year with Shortstop Danny Thompson, who is adept at advancing base runners, hitting ahead of him. The Twins had 21 pitchers in their spring camp, but only three—Bert Blyleven (17-17), Joe Decker (16-14) and Dave Goltz (10-10)—are considered sure starters. Bill Campbell, Tom Burgmeier and Tom Johnson are in the bullpen.

The Twins finished strong last season, winning 47 of their last 81 games. Like the A's above them, they will be forced to go hard all the way, however, to improve on last year's third-place finish.

The California Angels, who were dead last in the division, have no place to go but up. And that, says their ever-confident manager, Dick Williams, is exactly where they are going. Williams does not have much clout to support that argument, but he does have the arms and legs. The arms belong to Frank Tanana (14-19), Andy Hassler (7-11), a rejuvenated Bill Singer (7-4) and the incomparable Nolan Ryan (22-16). Ryan led the majors in innings pitched (332½) and, naturally, in strikeouts (367). He also pitched his third career no-hitter and had one of his legendary fastballs timed at 100.9 mph, which makes him the fastest-throwing officially timed pitcher in history. And at 28, he should be approaching his peak.

Williams expects the customary miracles from Ryan, but having Singer return after back surgery constitutes a miracle in itself. Singer won 20 games for California two years ago, and if he can approach that eminence this year, hope of moving up would be enhanced.

Afoot, they are blessed with the fastest outfield in the league when Mickey Rivers, Morris Nettles and Tommy Harper are in the lineup at the same time. Williams believes these three are capable of stealing 150 bases among them. What the Angels do not do well is hit the ball, although First Baseman Bruce Bochte, a .355 hitter at Salt Lake City last year, certainly has potential.

Another plus is the meticulous, hard-driving Williams, a man whom Coach Grover Reisinger describes as "that rare thing, a winner. He's the kind of a guy I'd like to have on my side if I got lost in the jungle." Or maybe in last place.

NATIONAL LEAGUE EAST

This frantic division has been fairly consistent the past six years. While Montreal improves, Chicago falls back. While Philadelphia shows promise, St. Louis contends. And while New York is unpredictable, Pittsburgh plays close to form. This season figures to be among the most competitive of all.

After three second-place finishes in four years, St. Louis seems capable of escaping its runner-up rut. The offense and defense are solid, and the relief pitchers are capable, but, like most teams, the Cardinals do not have a surplus of starting pitchers.

The big question is 39-year-old Bob Gibson, who has announced that his 17th major league season will be his last. At least Gibson's knees are stronger than they were last year, when his record fell below .500 for the first time since he became a Cardinal regular. Lynn McGlothen (16-12) and Bob Forsch (7-4) came to the rescue, helping St. Louis to the East's best intradivisional record. The remarkable Al Hrabosky (8-1), Mike Garman (7-2) and Elias Sosa from San Francisco provide the quality bullpen.

"If we get the pitching," says Catcher Ted Simmons, "we'll win in a walk."

With Lou Brock around, he should have said they'll steal it. St. Louis Coach Dave Ricketts had some fun with Brock in spring training when he quipped, "Lou, if you'd stolen a few more bases last year, we would have won the title." The 35-year-old Brock, who was good for a record 118, just smiled. At the plate he batted .306—excellent, but third best in an outfield that included .309-hitters Bake McBride and Reggie Smith.

St. Louis has a possible successor to Rookie-of-the-Year McBride in First Baseman Keith Hernandez, 21, who batted .294 last season in a brief stay with the Cardinals. An oldcomer to the team is former Tiger Eddie Brinkman, 33, at short. He is a fine fielder, and with Ken Reitz at third the left side of the Cardinal infield should be death on ground balls.

Dead was what the Pittsburgh Pirates appeared to be on June 7, 1974, with the worst record in the majors. Five weeks later they earned a split decision in a wild doubleheader against Cincinnati and started to move, going .671 the rest of the way. "That was the real Pittsburgh team," says Manager Danny Murlaugh. "I don't see why we can't start off that way this year." While the complexities of pitching and fielding continue to mystify some Pirates, Pittsburgh remains the best hitting team in baseball. As Al Oliver, a .321 swinger, states, it is "something we take for granted."

The Pirate outfield of Oliver, Richie Zisk (.313) and Willie Stargell (.301) out-hit even the St. Louis threeosome last season, and the Bucs may be more potent still this year if First Baseman Bob Robertson recovers from two knee operations. For now, however, Stargell moves to first and Dave Parker, still another big bat, is in the outfield.

Robertson was not the only Pirate to suffer surgery. Pitcher Ken Brett, a .310 hitter and 1,000 felder, is coming off an elbow operation, as is Reliever Dave Giusti. Injury-prone Dock Ellis will be on the lookout for line drives up the middle like the one that cut short his 1974 season. But Jerry Reuss (16-11) and Jim Rooker (15-11) return unscathed after their best performances.

"There is no way we're going to get off to a start like last year's," says Oliver. "And anyway, if we can win it that way, we can win it under any circumstances." The Pirates may need another strong finish, however, since six of their last nine games are against St. Louis, which took 11 of 18 from them in 1974.

For that matter, Pittsburgh also had a losing record against Philadelphia, which in the last two seasons has improved more than any other East Division team. First place belonged to the Phillies longest in 1974, but an awful finish took them out of the race. "The kids had to learn something from last year's experience," says veteran Pitcher Jim Lonborg. "They know now what it's like to play winning baseball," says Second Baseman Dave Cash. "When I came over here last year I didn't see any confidence in these players. They lacked desire and motivation because they didn't really know what was at stake. Now they do, and that should make a big difference."

The Phillies have another former win-

continued

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ner to help plug last year's largest gap—relief pitching. Tug McGraw will be a big addition if spring surgery on an old back problem allows him to return to his 1973 form with the Mets. "This is the first time in years we've had an established bullpen," says Manager Danny Ozark, who is also high on Gene Garber and newcomer Joe Hoerner. "A lot of times last year I left my starters in too long because they were the best we had."

Lomborg and Steve Carlton were the only regulars with winning records. Shortstop Larry Bowa says Carlton must win at least 20 for Philadelphia to have a title chance, and Ozark says Steve is capable of even more if he cuts down his bases on balls.

There is hitting in plenty. Cash and First Baseman Willie Montanez batted over .300, and Third Baseman Mike Schmidt led the majors in home runs (36). Leftfielder Greg Luzinski, who can mash the ball, too, missed more than two months last year after a knee operation. "My being out of the lineup," he says, "may have cost us the eight games we needed to win."

Falling 20 games below .500, their worst record since 1967, the 1974 New York Mets were conspicuous losers of one-run and extra-inning games. In those categories they were poorest in the league. Injuries struck such key players as Tom Seaver, Cleon Jones, Rusty Staub,

Bud Harrelson and Jerry Grote. Their return to form, with the added support of Third Baseman Joe Torre and Outfielders Del Unser and Dave Kingman, would put the Mets back in the race.

But they must find still more pitching to stay there. While Seaver, Jon Matlack and Jerry Koosman are the best threesome in the league, New York needs two more starters and some smoke eaters in the bullpen.

"It does seem to be a different situation than we've had in the past," says Manager Yogi Berra.

The trades that brought Torre from St. Louis, Unser from Philadelphia and Kingman, he of the long home run and lavish strikeout, from San Francisco could sharply alter the grind-it-out New York attack. The Mets even hired a hating coach, Phil Cavarretta. Torre predicts, "We're going to be a team that will score runs." Harrelson meanwhile senses a psychological boost. "We've increased the margin of error," he says. "The pitchers know they don't have to throw a shutout every time."

One person certain to appreciate more support is Matlack, who led the league in shutouts last year while getting fewer runs than any other man who pitched at least 162 innings. "This is a lot better team than we've ever had," claims Matlack. "but I'm not taking anything for granted. Met pitchers have always felt

they couldn't give up very many runs. It's instilled in us." Not least in Tom Seaver, who comes off the worst season of his career—an 11-11 record and a 3.20 earned run average. Tom says he has felt terrific this spring.

Evaluating a Montreal team that set or tied club records for pitching, hitting and winning last year, Expo General Manager Jim Fanning decided that better was not good enough. In rapid succession he dealt away his top pitcher, Mike Torrez, and the RBI leaders from each of the last three years, Ron Fairly, Ken Singleton and Willie Davis. The trades landed a much-needed lefthander in Dave McNally from Baltimore and players you never heard of from Texas and St. Louis. They also opened the way for some homegrown minor league talent. "Our farm system is producing and, except for pitchers, we'll commit ourselves totally to youth," Fanning says. "When you ask if we'll be good, I do know how good we would have been, and that wasn't good enough."

Some veterans, like First Baseman Mike Jorgensen (.310) and Second Baseman Larry Lintz (50 stolen bases), will keep their jobs. Others, including power-hitting Outfielder-Third Baseman Bob Bailey, may not be so fortunate. Young Outfielder Pepe Mangual and Relief Pitcher Dale Murray came up late last year to spark an 18-5 finish, Man-

continued



The cardinal tenet of Lou Brock's philosophy earned a record 118 bases in 1974.

usual batting .311, Murray saving 10 games and winning one.

Even at a buck twenty-five for a bleacher seat, the Chicago Cubs are no bargain. Ninth in the league in hitting last year, 11th in pitching and last in fielding, they had the second-worst record in baseball. The 1975 prospects are not much better, especially with Billy Williams having been traded to Oakland.

"We are in a building program," says Manager Jim Marshall, "but it won't be accomplished overnight." Nor, for that matter, in a fortnight. The Williams deal netted three players who saw little to no action in 1974: Relievers Darold Knowles and Bob Locker and Infielder Manny Trillo.

Chicago does have an outfield that averaged 16 home runs and 70 RBIs a man last year, and Third Baseman Bill Madlock batted .313. Shortstop Don Kessinger is an accomplished fielder.

The pitching features Rick Reuschel and Steve Stone, who managed winning records last year despite ERAs over four. Knuckle-curveballer Burt Hooton is slimmer and seems more mature. "I've had more of a mental problem than a physical one," he says, making light of a sore shoulder. "I was too protective of my arm in the past. I'm looking forward to a good year."

NATIONAL LEAGUE WEST

Everybody is picking the Dodgers to repeat, but everybody may be wrong. The Reds look better. Defensively, Cincinnati should be the stronger team up the middle: catcher Johnny Bench over Joe Ferguson and Steve Yarger, shortstop (Dave Concepcion over Bill Russell), second base (Joe Morgan over Dave Lopes) and center field (Cesar Geronimo and George Foster over Jim Wynn). Offensively, no team can count on being better than a lineup led by Bench, Morgan, Pete Rose, Tony Perez, Concepcion. Rose slipped below .300 last year, but he still scored a league-leading 110

runs, and there is no reason to believe that he is over the hill or that he isn't due to hit against the Dodgers, who held him to a .158 average last season.

Then we come to that crucial factor, pitching. It is here that Cincinnati traditionally has been considered lacking, but from among the Reds' Jack Billingham, Don Gullett, Fred Norman and Clay Kirby there should emerge at least as many reliable starters as from the Dodgers' Don Sutton, Andy Messersmith, Doug Rau and, well, maybe former Reliever Charlie Hough, or Geoff Zahn, who has won four major league games in his life. The Dodgers won last year by jumping off to a big early lead as left-hander Tommy John was winning 13 and losing three. Then John suffered an arm injury, which was repaired by transferring a tendon from his right forearm to his left elbow. If John ever sets a record for portersiders, it will require an asterisk noting that he did it with part of a starboard arm. He appears unlikely to set any records or even help the Dodgers this year—certainly not during the first 10 games of their schedule, seven of which are against the Reds. The Reds' perennial comeback hope, Gary Nolan, who was 13-2 with a 1.82 ERA when he hurt his shoulder in 1972, is a better bet to regain winning form this season than John is. The Reds' bullpen—Clay Carroll, Pedro Borbon and Tom Hall—is at least as good as the Dodgers', which last year amounted to Mike Marshall. Marshall's 2.42 ERA was impressive, and his all-time record of 106 appearances was astounding, but Manager Walt Alston seemed sometimes to be using him more obsessively than wisely, and while won-lost percentage may not be the best guide to a reliever's performance, it is worth mentioning that Marshall's was .556 and the rest of the staff's was .644. This even though persons close to the team have been known to grumble that Marshall had a way, when he entered a game with another pitcher's runners on base, of allowing them to score before he grew stingy.

Still, Los Angeles will be very strong. The Dodgers have a lot of good young players—including those mentioned above as inferior to the Reds' stars—who last year suddenly became very good. Wynn gives them power, and so does MVP First Baseman Steve Garvey, who looks as if he will be a sound performer for years to come. The Penguin, Ron

Ccy, cut an appealing waddy figure at third base and drove in 97 runs. Bill Buckner made acrobatic catches in left field and hit .314. Sutton and Messersmith are more accomplished than any of the Reds' starters, at least now that Sutton has profited from the services of Hypnotist Arthur Ellen. Before Ellen entered his life last year, says Sutton, sounding rather like someone writing a letter to Dear Abby, "I was trying anything and everything to snap out of my slump. I'd do crazy things like making diving catches in batting practice or pouring water into the pockets of our pitching coach, Red Adams. Nothing was going right and I was acting crazy." If you see Sutton hopping around in the outfield on one foot before a game this year, you'll know that he just needs to be put under a spell. Usually the Dodgers display a highly professional attitude, which means, as people used to say of Caesar Augustus, that they "execute well." "We blew a lot of games last year," says Billingham. "The Dodgers are completely fundamental. Everything they do is usually right." The Reds will have to show some poise if they are to assert their superiority.

As for the rest of the division, Atlanta, Houston and, yes, San Francisco might all be contenders. The Braves don't have Henry Aaron, but that means they will field a better defensive outfield. Ralph Gar, the league's batting champion (.353), will be able to settle in left, where his modest fielding talents should suffice; Dusty Baker will be a fixture in right; and wonderfully named Rowland Office may well establish himself as one of the league's best centerfielders. Gar is perhaps the least conventional hitter-for-average in baseball. He swings at balls over his head, he doesn't just step but plunges into the bucket and he says things like, "As a player there really isn't anybody you can compare me with. I'm pretty talkative, but I'm pleasant." The rest of the Braves' batters should do better than they did last year. That was the year Atlanta pitching suddenly got hot. Who knows, it might do so again in '75. Certainly the Braves will rank right up there at the top in good names. There is Office, whose nickname is Sapphirc. Unfortunately, he is too skinny to be called Oval. There is Shortstop Larvell Blanks, "who very seldom draws one," says Manager Clyde King, and whose sobriquet is Sugar Bear. Then there is

continued

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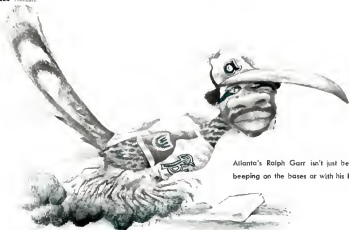
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Atlanta's Ralph Garr isn't just beep-beeping on the bases or with his bat.

Catcher Vic Correll's Statesboro, Ga., mule named Henry. That just seems like a good name for a mule, especially one who can, Correll claims, point birds.

The status of Dick Allen, officially Atlanta property, was uncertain last week. All on the same day, Second Baseman/First Baseman Dave Johnson had said, "We can't tell what our infield will be until we know about Allen"; the front office announced that "in all probability, if Allen plays this year, it will be in Atlanta"; and Manager King said, "We stopped including him in our plans long ago. He's like the big one you get up just to the point where he's breaking water and then he gets away. You don't talk about those." But of course you do talk about those, Allen—perhaps because King kept brother Hank Allen on the bench in Richmond one season—says he won't play for King. If he changes his mind, the Braves will be a hot item.

Houston has the volatile Cesar Cedeño, who "can be the greatest player in baseball," says Manager Preston Gomez, "but he has to first learn to control himself." Other good Astro hitters are Outfielder Greg Gross, First Baseman Bob Watson and Catcher Milt May. Rob Andrews, brother of Mike whom Charlie Finley mistreated, is a promising second baseman obtained from infielder-rich Baltimore, and Doug Rader is the best

third baseman in the league as well as a productive hitter and an amusing red-head. The big problem for the Astros, says Gomez, "is right there in the middle of the diamond"—plishing. Larry Dierker or Tom Griffin or someone will have to become what the team needed last year, a stopper.

The Giants looked pretty sad in '74, finishing fifth and drawing only slightly more than half a million fans, but this spring they looked different. Bobby Bonds and Dave Kingman, seen by management last year as discordant elements, have been traded, and Bonds' replacement, Bobby Murcer, has played dynamically in exhibitions. The club has pitching talent, notably in the person of 23-year-old John D'Aquisto, who throws about as hard as anybody around and seems to have learned control. Young Catcher Marc Hill looks like a corner; new Second Baseman Derrel Thomas will help; and Von Joshua, acquired from the Dodgers, lends depth to an outfield that is already well stocked with Murcer, Gary Matthews and Garry Maddox. Murcer says he prefers to hit in less blustery conditions but concedes that the prevailing wind in Candlestick Park, to right field, should abet his home-run swing. He could not make New York forget Mickey Mantle, but maybe he can help make the Giants forget fifth place.

"We're through being pussies," says Padre owner and McDonald's tycoon Ray Kroc. Or maybe he said, "We're through being pannies." Outfielders Bobby Tolan, Dave Winfield and Johnny Grubb can hit; Willie McCovey is still, if not exactly Willie McCovey, at least a powerful presence; and the newly acquired Tito Fuentes and Rich Fellers should lend substance to, respectively, the infield and the bullpen. But the Padres suffered a big loss before spring training: Catfish Hunter declined to sign with them, although they offered him more money than the Yankees did and also a chance to bat. Who knows, maybe Hunter doesn't like those long skinny French fries. Fuentes says he has cured his bad back of last year, after five doctors failed, by drinking a tea of herbs and roots. He is expected to help develop fellow Latin Enzo Hernandez, a promising shortstop. Fuentes is optimistic about the Padres' chances. "We're going to turn things around in a way that would surprise you," he says. Almost any way would; but good luck to them. Can you eat herbs and roots on a bus?

The writers: Jim Kaplon (AL East), Ron Finette (AL West), Larry Keith (NL East), Roy Blount Jr. (NL West).

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BORN TO BE A DODGER

Now that he is one, Steve Garvey tries to live up to his obligations while opposing the cult of the antihero by ROY BLOUNT JR.

Steve Garvey is resolved to be a hero, not an antihero. He used to be the Dodgers' but boy and idolized their first baseman. Now he is their first baseman, and not only that but the National League's Most Valuable Player. If a lot of boys do not idolize him now, they are missing a trick, because he smiles at everybody, gives autographs like a garage gives calendars and is a known gentleman. At 26 he has a bright, beautiful wife, a fine baby daughter, a cute if careless cocker spaniel named Duffy (which plunged into the ocean at Vero Beach this spring and was nearly swept away) and a nice tie-in with Pepsi.

If there is anything imperfect about the way Garvey's real-life story has developed, it is that last winter was not, as he points out, the best off-season in history to be an MVP. Endorsements were down along with the economy.

However, plenty of people around the country have been after Garvey to accept awards and to make talks. He has sometimes appeared gratis for charity, but there were enough paid appearances over the winter to earn him half again his '74 salary, which was an estimated \$45,000. This year, his performance having done much to bring them a pennant, the Dodgers amicably agreed to pay him about \$95,000. He is worth that much in nice publicity alone. "The Dodgers are very P.R.-conscious," he says. "You have to be in Southern California."

All-America and then some: Garvey at home in Calabasas, Calif. with his ex-shampoo-model wife Cyndy, his dog Duffy and daughter Krisha Lee.

At this point, the reader who likes to think of himself as P.R.-resistant may be tempted to grumble. But wait. One of the stories Garvey often tells an audience goes like this:

"In 1971 I went to Orthopaedic Hospital in Los Angeles to visit a boy named Ricky Williams, who was suffering from cancer. The boy had just had an operation to remove the lower part of a leg, and he was in a bad way. It was a hollow feeling, seeing him there on the bed. His mother said, 'Thank you for coming.' The doctors said he had an 18 1/2 chance of living. He was heavily sedated.

"I took his small hand in mine. His mother said, 'Ricky, Steve Garvey's here.'

"And I started to feel a little squeeze from that 10-year-old's hand. He started opening his eyes. Although he couldn't talk, when he opened his eyes it also opened mine. I could feel the strength in that little boy's hand. I knew then that Steve Garvey had a place.

"Last year in Dodger Stadium Ricky Williams walked from the dugout to first base with Steve Garvey, on an annual night for crippled children.

"I don't really believe that I have any special powers. But Ricky that night gave me a medal, with an inscription that said, 'To Steve Garvey. Thank you for giving me the will to live.'

O.K., now say something smart. Say "But I like antiheroes." Or "Sure, it's a storybook career, but who reads storybooks anymore?" Or "Lou Brock should've been the MVP. He probably visits hospitals, too, and he stole 118 bases." You can't take away the pleasure that a number of people around the na-

tion are getting from shaking the hand that held the hand of Ricky Williams.

Besides, Garvey produced 30 more runs than Brock did last season; in times like these, you can't argue with production. There are more vivid ballplayers than Garvey, but he is good to watch because he is so solid: good, strong, compact-but-also-whappy swing, good hands and no waste motion in the field. And by the way, a lot of folks still like storybook themes. "People in TV have told me," he says, "if you want to quit playing ball today, we'll get a series for you." You know, playing somebody with short hair—whether it's a police story, a Gentle Ben, or whatever. Middle America.

"In the '60s," Garvey says, "everybody was trying to gain awareness. They were trying to find out who they were." This, he says, resulted in antiheroes. For the record, he doesn't like to finger anyone in particular, but the kind of antiheroism he has in mind includes aloofness to fans and reporters, irreverence toward tradition, acting notoriously flashy off the field and writing disrespectful messages in the base-path dirt. "Now we're getting back to Americana," he says. "The threat of depression opens everybody's eyes. I would like to strengthen the country through athletics."

This seems as good a place as any to note that Garvey admits to having signed up as an Athlete for Nixon during the '68 campaign. But now he feels that the Nixon Administration betrayed his trust. He says he is an old Kennedy man, who would vote in '76 for Ted. That political leaning does not seem stereotypically Middle American, although who knows these days. Garvey does have middling short hair and a clean-shaven, responsi-

continued

ble-looking face, and his wife Cyndy was once a Breck shampoo model. But they cannot be dismissed as bland.

At a banquet this spring, for instance, old blooper pitcher Rip Sewell said of Garvey, "He's a credit to baseball, he's a credit to the city of Tampa, he's a credit to humanitarians of this country." After the speeches Garvey asked Sewell, "Who makes those, Hillerich & Bradbury or Adirondack?" Sewell, thinking Garvey was referring to his trousers, said, "Oh, I don't know, my wife gets them for me somewhere." But Garvey was in fact referring to Sewell's artificial legs.

Cyndy does not see things in soft focus. She is willing to complain about the fact that being a baseball wife doesn't give her a chance to pursue her interests in art and the dance, and, of all things, she was taught a course at Michigan State by Dodger Pitcher Mike Marshall.

The world was made aware that the Garveys were blessed with a daughter during the World Series. This is how Cyndy remembers it: "It had been in the papers that the Dodgers had had eight girls in a row so all the medical students were gathered around pulling for a boy. Then she was born. 'Oh, it's a girl,' they said, and everybody left. Just me, my natural-childbirth adviser and the doctor were there. The next thing I knew I was in my room and there was a TV set in there and everybody was watching my husband playing a ball game. Then the words started going across the bottom of the picture: STEVE GARVEY JUST HAD A BABY GIRL, KIMBIE LEE. I had just told him on the phone that her name was Bliss Ann! Can you imagine? I called the nurse. 'We've got to change the name!' 'It's too late,' she said. 'It's on all the documents!' But they changed it. It had been on television, after all."

Garvey was christened Steven Patrick, and he grew up a nice middle-class Irish boy in Tampa, with easygoing parents who have always been proud of him. Steve's father Joe was a good first baseman on local teams and played some minor league football on Long Island before the family moved to Florida. Steve's mother Mildred played field hockey as a girl and was always more lumber than her son. "He'd get mad because he couldn't get his foot up on the counter," she recalls. "You know, when you come in from working in the yard and wash your feet. I'd say, 'Put your feet up there like mine,' and he couldn't do it."

But he hit .750 in Little League, with 18 home runs in 20 games, and in his first four innings in Pony League ball he hit for the cycle. "Little things like that happened to me along the line," he says, "that made me think 'Maybe I am destined to be a professional athlete.'"

Even before such omens, he was imagining himself in the majors. "I was an only child, which wasn't too bad. I always had balls available for me because we had 11 grapefruit trees in the yard. In the spring I'd take the little hard grapefruits that had fallen off and I'd hit them with a broomstick. I'd be the whole Dodger lineup: Charlie Neal, Gilliam, Campanella, Snider, Hodges. As a grapefruit batter I was a line-drive hitter, even then. It must've been my build."

The build is 5'10", 195 pounds—muscular, just barely too lithe to be chunky. Its most conspicuous feature is a set of forearms that resemble Popeye's. "I built them up by swinging a harbell as a bat. Or I'd use one of the Dodgers' broken bats. They were too heavy for me, but they made me strong in the arms for my age, from the elbows down, and that's the key to hitting."

He got big bats because father Joe, a Greyhound driver, transported the Dodgers when they came to the Tampa area to play spring games. And Steve would take a couple of days off from school to travel along and be batboy. "Gill Hodges was my hero, on and off the field," he recalls. "He was a gentleman at all times. His handshake was something I still remember." But he admired the team in general, for instance "Carl Furillo in Bradenton, playing right field in water up to his ankles. He couldn't have enjoyed it but he did it, for the Dodgers. I was batboy for the Yankees and Tigers some too, but a few of the players on the Yankees weren't quite what I expected. When you have an idol, you always expect they're perfect. You hear them say a few cusswords, or see them refuse to sign a few autographs, and it takes some of the shine off. Some days now I'd like to go right home after a game when people are waiting for autographs, or let out a big 'bleep' instead of holding it in. But I always like to behave as though some little boy or girl is following me around. Because, you know, if you do do something wrong, I'll be damned if somebody won't be standing right there." (He doesn't seem to say even "damned" very often. He doesn't

smoke. He will drink a gin and tonic, but without much gusto.)

Besides starring in baseball in high school, Steve excelled as a football quarterback—in his senior year he gained more than 1,000 yards both running and passing—and when the Dodgers didn't draft him when he was first eligible he went to Michigan State as a defensive back. He was a starter his sophomore year, but when the Dodgers did draft him, he went with them like a shot. "I sincerely believe that there is such a thing as a Dodger," he says. "I don't think there's such a thing as a Padre or a Brave or a Met. I sincerely think that I was born to be a Dodger."

It took a while to adjust the old build. "As a defensive back on running plays I had to take out the pulling guard and tackle. To do that I had to work on weights. I had a football neck. Then when I went into professional baseball I had to—boom!—debunk. I had to stretch out all those muscles. It took three, 3½ years." But during that time Garvey was building a .343 lifetime minor league batting average. He would be on the big club's bus in the spring. Manager Walt Alston would be riding up front near the driver. Joe Alston wouldn't be saying much, as usual. After miles of silence Joe would say "How's Steve doing?"

"Don't know," Alston would say. "Pretty well. Drive the bus. He's got a chance."

By '71 Garvey had made the big club, and was famous in Los Angeles for his throwing errors. He played third base mostly, and his arm had not been the same since he separated his shoulder in college football. Dodger fans would call his house and berate him or Cyndy. "I had to keep telling myself they were mad at the Dodger third baseman, not at Steve Garvey personally," he says. "You just tell them you can't talk to someone so irrational, and then you have to hang up."

As a part-timer in '73, however, he hit .304, and last year the Dodgers got his bat into the regular lineup as a first baseman. He proved to be excellent at digging out low throws and he displayed a football-derived willingness to mix it up with base runners in order to make sweeping tags. "He's not afraid of any physical thing in the world," says Dodger coach Monty Basgall.

And, well, the kind of things boys dream about happened to Garvey last year. "This is the way my agent, Jerry



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BORN DOOGER continued

Kapstein, and I presented it to the front office after the season," he says. "We broke it down into four components." These were: 1) All-Star Game. Better than a million write-in votes got him into it and two hits and a diving stab made him the Most Valuable Player of it. 2) Regular season. The league MVP. A Gold Glove Award as league's best-fielding first baseman. A .312 average, 200 hits, 111 RBIs, 95 runs scored, 21 home runs. 3) The National League playoffs. A .389 average with two home runs and two standing ovations as the Dodgers beat the Pirates in four games. 4) The World Series. A .381 average and a notable dirt-digging scoop as the Dodgers lost to the A's four games to one. The Oakland pitchers, Garvey says, were keeping the ball away from the Los Angeles hitters, who tried to pull the ball anyway—except for Garvey, who went to the opposite field and got more hits than anybody else in the Series.

"It could have been the best year a professional ballplayer ever had," says Garvey with a good bargainer's calm exaggeration. The Dodgers accepted his terms.

And so do many other business concerns. He signs countless halls at a grocers' banquet ("Would you personalize this for my youngster?"), with good grace and only an occasional aside like "I'm going to have to put Vaseline on my teeth to keep my smile from cracking." And then he is introduced to the gathering as "a great ambassador for Tampa. A great ambassador for baseball. A great ambassador of the almost lost art of being a perfect gentleman." And then he takes the podium and says, "One other thing. I also represent PepsiCo of Los Angeles." He narrates with great poise a marketing film for the Tampa-St. Petersburg area. He goes into department stores to sell a line of boys' baseball T-shirts he is associated with. "It must have been a great privilege to play in the Series," says the man in the boys' department. "It was the kind of thing you dream about when you're a boy wearing a T-shirt," says Garvey, sticking to the main issue.

"You have to be fearless," Garvey tells people, about baseball and life in general. "You have to defy that Big Loss in the Sky."

How can we have a depression when such a ballplayer is at work in our society?

END

GM



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An attorney is judged every day he's in court. That's why so many are wearing Cricketeer. This classic vested suit of 55% Dacron[®] polyester and 45% wool reflects not only unusually good taste, but unusually good value, too. The styling is

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SAY IT AIN'T SO ABOUT JOE

The recent announcement out of Tampa that major league baseball had signed four-year contracts totaling \$92.8 million with both ABC and NBC so far has caused more discussion in television executive suites than among the game's fans, who, at best, seem bewildered by what it all means. In truth, it means very little this season, because NBC is still working on an \$18-million contract that gives it exclusive rights to all Saturday afternoons and Monday night major league games as well as the league playoff games, the All-Star Game and the most lucrative plum of all, the World Series.

But in 1976 ABC will take over Monday night baseball and will begin alternating with NBC in coverage of the All-Star Game, the American League and National League playoffs and the World Series. Thus, for the first time baseball will be working with two networks on a national level, and the competition between NBC and ABC for awards, ratings and advertising revenues will be heightened. NBC, which started Monday night baseball on a steady basis three years ago, now will have to share the major league's top attractions with ABC, the network that once denigrated the sport with supercilious statements and innuendos. What fan can forget Tom Moore's pronouncement when he was president of ABC: "The season should consist of only 60 games, all of them on weekends."

Under the new contract, negotiated by Commissioner Bowie Kuhn, baseball's revenues from network television will jump roughly 30%, and each club will take an \$200,000 more a year, increasing its total income from the networks to \$950,000 per season. Baseball owners are impressed by such figures, and they are apt to remember them when Kuhn's contract comes up for renewal sometime this year.

Originally, NBC had intended to cut back its Monday night telecasts in 1976 from 15 shows to 11 because it felt the ratings, a decent but not overwhelming average of 7.4 million homes, could be bettered by other programming. But ABC's overall evening ratings can use all possible help, and the network was willing to commit itself to 16 Monday games in 1976 and to 18 in each of the following three years. Moreover, the All-Star

Game, the playoffs and Monday night baseball give ABC's Roone Arledge prestigious additions to a 1976 sports program that already features the Winter Olympics, the Summer Olympics, the Kentucky Derby, the Indianapolis 500, the U.S. Open, PGA Golf Championship, the Irish Open, and Monday night pro football. And, lest we forget, the XII Demolition Derby from Islip, Long Island.

As interesting as the maneuverings over baseball telecasts may be to media insiders, the fan may be more affected by the probable departure of *The Baseball World* of Joe Garagiola, the cheerful show that so brightens NBC's Monday nights. (Garagiola will have an hour special about the forthcoming season this Sunday afternoon on NBC-TV, a show that has been in preparation for more than a month.) His close association with NBC is the reason why Garagiola's *World* is likely to disappear when ABC takes over. "I don't know where our show stands for '76," says Don Ellis, its producer-director.

Ellis has received little publicity for the work he puts into Garagiola's *World*, but he helps make it a sensitive, humorous and topical lead-in to the Monday night games and the World Series. To get ideas for the show, Ellis sees as many as 100 ball games a year, in minor league parks as well as big-league stadiums.

"I grew up in Worcester, Mass.," Ellis says, "and became a Red Sox fan out of self-defense. The Yankees would always beat the Red Sox in the big games, and you had to care. In junior college I flunked everything but speech, but I knew that I wanted to go into television. I worked as a guide at NBC in New York, then in the operations department, and then as an associate director. I worked quiz shows, variety shows and soap operas. I can't even remember the names of



NBC'S RETREAT LEAVES ELLIS AND GARAGIOLA WONDERING

"But I also had the chance to work major news events, and 10 years ago I went into sports. I've done golf, baseball, football, basketball, just about all of them. What I like about working with Garagiola is that his personality cuts across all kinds of audiences. People respond to him, they like him. And we have had complete freedom from NBC to do what we want on the show. Baseball is not a one-dimensional sport. There's a toughness to the game that comes out of the players facing a crisis almost every day. There are a lot of stories in baseball."

"There are still so many things that can be done with athletes to make them more interesting to a viewer. Take a look at women athletes as they are seen on television and ask yourself what you really have been told, or shown, about them. Not one-tenth of what you should have been."

In baseball, Ellis says, Garagiola sees things others don't. "He knows the feelings, the little hurts that players experience. One of the most rewarding things about doing *The Baseball World* of Joe Garagiola is that some players watch it intently. They ask questions about it, and that shows me they are deeply involved in what we are trying to do."

The new contract assures that game coverage won't diminish after this season, but it will be a genuine loss if the Garagiola show folds. Fortunately, we still have a year left to savor it.

END



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A lot of people have finally become fed up with cars. They've given up on big cars. Because today big cars just don't make any sense.

And they've given up on small cars. Because they aren't willing to give up everything they like about big cars just to make sense.

What people seem to be looking for is a different kind of car. A car that offers them the advantages of big cars without many of the disadvantages of small ones.

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The Fiat 128. A small car that's designed differently than most cars you've ever driven.

Eighty percent of the 128 is for passengers and luggage. Only twenty percent is for the engine. As a result, the 128 has more legroom for passengers in the front seat than even Detroit's "Big Three": the Imperial, the Continental and the Eldorado.

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Instead of loading down the car with expensive gadgets and gizmos, we've loaded it down with things that actually make the car perform better.

Rack-and-pinion steering, front-wheel drive, an all-independent suspension, and front-disc brakes aren't options. They're standard equipment.

The 128 isn't at all sluggish. It'll go faster than you'll ever care to go. And the way it handles is nothing short of extraordinary.

It's the kind of car that may start you liking cars all over again.

FIAT



Options as delivery and financing arranged through your dealer.

The lacrosse season is just a few weeks old but the game's Establishment, entrenched in the states of Maryland and Virginia, already has been kicked around like never before. Powerful Maryland had to go into overtime to beat upstart North Carolina. Defending national champion Johns Hopkins was extended before edging Virginia, which promptly lost to the University of Maryland, Baltimore County. Navy, reputed to be returning to its 1960's championship form, also was defeated by UMBC. Washington and Lee, which hadn't lost a regular-season game in two years, dropped three of them, to Princeton, Navy and Morgan State. Morgan State?

Indeed, of all the teams expected to contend for this year's NCAA title only Cornell, far to the north as well as far above Cayuga's waters, has been winning in championship style. Last week in Lancaster, Pa., before a Good Friday crowd of 123 people and five dogs, the Big Red ran its record to 3-0 with a 20-4 shellacking of Franklin and Marshall.

To lacrosse observers these results are proof positive of the growth of lacrosse, a subject the game's supporters discuss with a fervor generally reserved for revival meetings. There are more legitimate contenders for the NCAA title this year than ever before. Hopkins, Virginia, Maryland, Navy and possibly even Washington and Lee, a young team that could regroup under Jack Emmr, who has been named Coach of the Year for each of the past three seasons, are all candidates. So is Cornell, yet the Big Red could run into trouble in its own Ivy League backyard, where Pennsylvania, Brown and Princeton look powerful. Nor are the University Division teams safe from smaller schools. Towson State, Hobart, Washington College and UMBC can give the larger powers a battle.

The dispersal of talent is one result of the season-ending NCAA tournament that was instituted four years ago. By adding prestige to lacrosse, the championship has spurred recruiting in the sport. It also exploded one of the myths of the game—that it was only played well in the Maryland-Virginia area. Of the 18 most active players on the current Cornell squad only one hails from Maryland. Nine come from Long Island, six from upstate New York, one from Canada and one from Davenport, Iowa.

The French connection

McEneaney-to-French is the route Cornell hopes to ride to the title

The man responsible for this conglomerate is Richie Moran, a 37-year-old freshman with a gift for spontaneous humor. In his first six seasons as Cornell's lacrosse coach he won more than 83% of his games, five Ivy League titles and was Coach of the Year when his team took the national championship in 1971. His success is based largely on getting the most out of his athletes. "Some coaches I know want to be a father to their team," he says, "but that's not an easy thing to do. I just want to be another person. I want to treat people the way I want to be treated." Accordingly, on last week's road trip Moran, his team's biggest prankster, was the recipient of a 6 a.m. wake-up call that he didn't remember requesting. Ah, well. . . .

Moran's teams also succeed because they are well conditioned. In addition to Fridays devoted to miles of roadwork there is a two-week session of box lacrosse, the compact indoor version of the game, which Moran feels helps sharpen stickwork and stamina.

The indoor work is also a concession to the difficulties of training outdoors in upstate New York in February. Nor are the elements Cornell's only problem. The Ivy League hamstring its teams in outside competition by maintaining freshman sports. Although the Ivies are abandoning this policy next fall except in football and basketball, that is little solace to Moran when he hears that in Hopkins' narrow win over Virginia a Blue Jay freshman scored five goals.

The big guns in Cornell's offense, junior Mike French and sophomore Eamon McEneaney, come from vastly different lacrosse backgrounds, yet they are an almost unstoppable combination. In just three games this year they

have scored 45 points between them.

French is a native of Niagara-on-the-Lake, a small town just north of the Canadian border. Before coming to Cornell he had never played field lacrosse although he had excelled at box lacrosse, which the Canadians play on their hockey rinks in the summer. French says he had trouble making the switch, but Moran says he adjusted faster than any box player he has ever seen, which seems the more accurate evaluation since French set a Cornell freshman scoring record with 67 points and was named team MVP. Last year he led the nation in scoring in the University Division with 94 points on 63 goals and 31 assists.

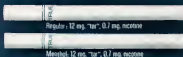
French's transition has been made easier by the addition of McEneaney, who has been playing lacrosse since the seventh grade on Long Island; in his junior and senior years at Sewanhaka High School he was an All-America selection. Maryland offered him a full scholarship but he chose Cornell: Moran also went to Sewanhaka and his coach there, Bill Rich, was the same coach McEneaney had 17 years later. As a Cornell freshman McEneaney surpassed French's scoring record with 81 points. But whereas French is primarily a shooter, McEneaney is a feeder.

Moran's entire team reflects the coach's ebullient spirits but McEneaney is the closest thing to a team character. An Irishman like his coach, he has threatened to dye his lacrosse shoes green and he turned up for practice on St. Patrick's Day with a shamrock painted on his forehead. Last fall he showed up at football practice, to the surprise of many, since at 5'10", 146 pounds, he looks about as much like a gridiron hero as the Easter bunny. But he had been a high school quarterback and he eventually started as a flanker for Cornell, averaging over 17 yards on 19 receptions.

In the I&M game, he fed French for his team's first and third goals as Cornell easily pulled away. For the day McEneaney assisted French on four of his five goals and collected seven assists to increase his season's total to 24 points on eight goals and 16 assists. French added three assists to his five goals and now has 21 points. In this year's jumbled lacrosse picture McEneaney-to-French may well prove the most direct route to a national championship.

END

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Tests for tar and nicotine by U.S. Gov't. Method prove it. New True 100mm is lowest in both tar and nicotine of all these leading 100mm cigarettes.



*SOURCE: FTC Report October '74.

Of all domestic brands, lowest yield... 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine. TRUE 100's Regular and 100's Menthol: 12 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health



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Sip. Kiss. Compare.

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Very pleasant. Then kiss someone. Even nicer. And — compare.
Inver House Scotch passes the test every time.
Because it's distilled, blended and aged gently in Airdrie, Scotland
until it is Soft as a Kiss. So find a friend and try it.



He clasped his hands in prayer at pool-side before each of his races and he did the same thing in the water afterward. Once, climbing back onto the deck of Cleveland State University's gleaming new pool, he impulsively grabbed the nearest coed and, to her surprise, kissed her. In one of his appearances on the victory stand, he jubilantly twirled a knit cap on a finger. And when anybody at the NCAA swimming and diving championships asked what made him so exuberant, Southern Cal's John Naber was glad to answer: "It's because I'm crazy about Jesus," he said. "My heart is filled with joy for Him." But he also declared, "It's my personality, too. I've always had a little of the thespian in me."

Whatever the explanation, Naber is as irrepressible on land as in the water—and that is irrepressible indeed. As a freshman at last year's NCAA meet, Naber won three events and led USC to a stormy 339-338 upset of Indiana, snapping the Hoosiers' unprecedented six-year reign as national champions. At last week's meet, Naber took the same three events—the 100- and 200-yard backstroke and the 500 freestyle—and, for added measure, turned in a blistering backstroke leg that powered the Trojans to victory in the 400-yard medley relay. The net result was an American record in each of these four events plus a second straight national collegiate title for USC, which outscored runner-up Indiana far more comfortably this time, 344 to 274.

In the process, the Trojans reestablished the supremacy they had enjoyed in the early '60s. Last year's win hardly was considered conclusive. It occurred at Long Beach State in front of a rudely pro-USC crowd and it came about only after a succession of Indiana calamities and disputed decisions that included, notably, the disqualification of the Hoosier medley relay team when one of its swimmers went into the water too soon. Not even USC Coach Peter Daland dared make too much of the '74 result. "Long Beach was a fluke," he allowed. "If you held 10 other NCAA meets last year, we would have lost to Indiana by 50 points every time."

The triumph in Cleveland was far tidier, even though it had to be pulled off without Steve Furniss, the Trojan cap-



Led by John Naber, USC won its second straight NCAA championship, and this time no one could question whether the Trojans deserved it

Yes, we are believers

tain who had won the 200- and 400-yard individual medley events last year. Sidelined since January by torn ligaments suffered in a pickup basketball game, Furniss was still limping when he arrived in Cleveland as team manager, a role that often prompted Naber to snap his fingers and waggishly command, "Towels, please."

Without Furniss, and without much hope of picking up points in the diving events, Southern Cal arrived in Cleveland as slight underdogs. But the depth of the Trojan swim squad was enough to make up the difference. While taking just one individual event besides Naber's three—a win in the 50 freestyle by sophomore Joe Bottom—USC relied on strong performances from the likes of distance freestyler Ron Orr, one of several freshmen who contributed to the victory.

This depth was evident in the 500 freestyle, the first event in the three-day competition. Naber won it, setting a U.S. record of 4:20.45, but more important in terms of the team title, Naber led four other teammates, including Orr, to a dazzling 1-4-6-8-11 finish that gave the Trojans a 40-point jump on Indiana. Indiana's strong showing in the opening

night's one-meter diving event cut the Hoosiers' first-day deficit to 20 points but it was already clear that the only way they could stop USC was by letting the water out of the pool.

While Indiana must have felt encircled by the army of maroon-suited Trojans, it was Naber's presence that drew their attention. A 6'6" strapping, the self-confessed extrovert has corresponded with as many as 30 pen pals at the same time, swimmers and nonswimmers alike. While attending high school in Woodside, Calif., where he was student body president, he made his decision for Christ, a conversion he credits with playing a major influence on his swimming. "By dedicating my life to Christ, I have Him in my heart at all times," he says. "When I pray at a swim meet, I'm not asking to win but simply to do my best, accept the results and be gracious to my opponents."

This spiritual commitment, Naber finds, is sometimes misunderstood. Competing in a dual meet at Stanford, he won the 500, whereupon he thrust his index finger into the air. "That's a Christian symbol meaning 'One way, His way,'" he explained, "but some people thought I meant that I was No. 1." At last summer

continued

mer's U.S.-East German meet in Concord, Calif., Naber handed Roland Matthes his first backstroke defeat in seven years and then celebrated by flinging roses into the crowd. It was a gesture that caused one U.S. teammate, obviously no flower child, to snarl, "Can you imagine that—throwing tulips to the crowd?"

But Naber concedes that there is such a thing as being too ebullient. Keyed up by the competition in Cleveland, he had trouble sleeping and lost 13 pounds by the time the three-day event ended. "John carries exuberance to excess and it drains him," says Daland. "He's got to learn that 'the higher the peaks, the lower the valleys.'" Far from being adversely affected in the pool, however, Naber saved his best swim for last, a size-14 1:46.827 in the 200 backstroke on Saturday night that sliced more than two seconds off his American record and brought a standing ovation from the sell-out crowd. And with 10 national records being set in the 16 swimming events one might have expected the crowd to have cheered itself hoarse. Naber was the only swimmer to score multiple record victories but Indiana's Fred Tyler (200 individual medley), UCLA's Tim McDonnell (200 freestyle), Alabama's Jonny Skinner (100 freestyle) and Stanford's John Hencken (200 breaststroke) all set American marks, and in the relays USC

posted a record in the 400 medley while Indiana did the same in the 400 and 800 freestyle.

But there were too few glory moments for Indiana. Time was when it was the Hoosiers who hoisted the headlines—does anybody remember Mark Spitz?—and Southern Cal had to get by with lesser names. Their ranks decimated, most recently by the graduation of such standouts as John Kinsella and Mike Stamm, Indiana's swimmers were so faceless that they kiddingly referred to themselves as Brand X. The most seasoned of them was co-captain John Murphy, a painfully quiet, 6'5" senior who won a relay gold medal in the '72 Olympics only to have his last name printed in *The World Almanac* as "Murray."

Before Indiana could look to '75, the books had to be closed on '74. Galled by what it considered a lynch-mob atmosphere at Long Beach, the school's athletic department had formally protested the way the meet had been run to the NCAA. This season, as Indiana routinely increased its string of consecutive dual-meet victories and Big Ten titles to 112 and 15, Doc Counsilman, the mastermind who forged swimming's No. 1 dynasty, tried to turn the Long Beach loss into an asset. "I don't believe in hate psychology," he said. "I just told my swimmers that if they wanted to make

up for last year they'd have to work harder. And they did, too."

But Indiana came up flat at Cleveland State. In the opening 500, the race in which USC poured it on, Counsilman was cussing on Bruce Dickson, who had finished fifth in the event a year ago. Dickson missed placing in the top 12, which is necessary for scoring points. Sitting gloomily by himself, he said, "I don't want to face my teammates. They'll probably strangle me—and I deserve it."

Dickson need not have worried. Indiana's 'cef at was to be every bit a team effort. Besides the three events in which they set records, there were few successes of any consequence for the Hoosiers. Tyler, for instance, followed his triumph in the 200 IM with a sluggish fifth in the 400 IM, a disappointment Jim Montgomery matched when he settled for a third in the 200 freestyle, an event he won a year ago. A different sort of indignity occurred when Murphy finished second to Naber in the 100 backstroke only to bloody the knuckles of his left hand while slamming into the wall at the finish.

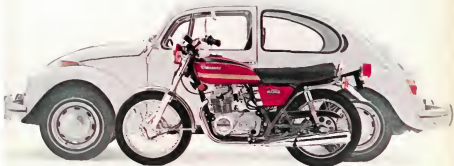
With Indiana bloodying itself in every sense, it became clear that Daland had not only out-recruited Counsilman over the last few years but had excelled in honing his squad for the year's biggest meet. Looking ahead, Indiana must also worry about the likes of fourth-place finisher Tennessee as well as a pair of emerging superpowers, UCLA (third) and Alabama (fifth). "We can be right back up there in a hurry," argued Counsilman. "All we need to do is come up with a good hunch next year." Swallowing hard, he added, "But in a way, it's the end of an era."

Sharing their coach's frustration, a couple of Indiana swimmers briefly talked about trying to steal John Naber's wool hat, which he has worn to swim meets for so long that it has become a trademark. They finally decided against larceny, but Naber, getting wind of the plot, took pains to hide the hat whenever he went to the pool. He allowed that he had great affection for it, but denied that it had any talismanic properties.

"I guess you could call it a superstition, kind of," Naber said. "But mainly it's a matter of pride. I'd hate to give anybody the satisfaction of stealing it. If they did, I doubt that I'd suddenly start losing races or anything like that." Probably not, but a thespian deserves at least one prop.



THE DEPTH OF COACH DALAND'S USC SQUAD SWAMPED THE ONCE-MIGHTY HOOSIERS



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1. Cyclist William R. Haljun used a cigarette holder because it made him feel like a bar stool. It also gave him cleaner taste.



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It works like
a cigarette
holder works.



Now in bright
new packs

Kings: 14 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine
Box: 14 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. 74

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Given a trigger and stumped points, Ed Rising could pose as the butler in the most haunted of households. He has that serene manner and unflappable look. The only visible sign of emotion to be detected in a stressful moment is a fractional pinching of his lips, as if someone had called for red wine with the fish. On the other hand, Otto Danieli might know a bit more about vintage Burgundies because he is a Zurich restaurateur while Rising is a sales representative from Seattle.

There was plenty of chance for such fantasizing at the World Curling Championships which took place recently in a cramped arena in Perth, Scotland. There it was possible to study every twitch in the facial muscles of both men who, as "skips," were captaining their "rinks," or four-man teams, in the final. Rising for the U.S. Danieli for Switzerland. As Rising said, "In curling you can't hide anything. If you make a mistake, everybody can see it from the start, slowly developing. But you can't show any emotion. You can't afford temperament, even though all the pressure is on the skip and one error can cost you everything."

The skip feels the pressure because he usually delivers the final two of his team's eight stones in each of the 10 "ends," or innings, that make up a normal match, and scores in curling are determined by the total number of stones that are closer to the center of the circular target area, or "house," than the nearest stone of the opposing team.

Occasionally, Rising allowed himself to pluck a corn straw from his broom for chewing purposes. Otherwise, only that barely perceptible contraction of his lips gave anything away.

The ice arena was about the only place in Perth where emotion was damped down, and then only by the players. One thousand North Americans, mainly Canadians, had come over for the championships, and the city saw more flag waving than it had since Bonnie Prince Charlie temporarily made it his headquarters in the 1745 rising against the English. Normally Perth is a grim, even forbidding, granite-faced city but it went on life for the occasion.

The Scots, mysteriously to newcomers to the sport, call curling "the mairn" game. After a while one begins to see why, and it has nothing at all to do with

Leave no stone unturned

Nor, for that matter, were any turns unstoned when the U.S. rink defended its world title in a slippery showdown with Switzerland

what happens on the ice. In the early days of the sport—the first printed reference to it is in 1638 when the Bishop of Orkney was denounced by the Church of Scotland for curling on the Sabbath—you took your stone out on deep-water ice, together with ropes and ladders as a safety precaution, and you naturally took care to bring along a supply of the hard stuff as well. The tradition clearly persists among the fans, if not the players. It's been a long time since curling was just an excuse for Scots to clear their heads on a Sunday morning by skidding rocks over the ice.

In spite of its long history and even

though its laws were codified as long ago as 1838, curling didn't officially become an international sport until 1959, when the first challenge match between Scotland and Canada (sponsored by the Scotch Whisky Association) took place at Perth. It was a catastrophic occasion for the Scots who, having invented curling, understandably imagined themselves to be its world masters. Their traditional strategy was to play the "draw," to concentrate on the accurate placing of the stones within the house. The Canadians, however, played it differently, concentrating on knocking opponents' stones out of the house and going for scores

by G. G.



SWEEEPING HARD ARE U.S. SKIP ED RISING (RIGHT) AND TEAMMATE GARY SCHMEER

on the last shots. They called it the "takeout" game, and one member of that first Scottish team was so incensed by the new, brutal approach ("What's the use of playing a good shot when they just knock it out?" he said) that he never curled again.

The takeout game, and the Canadians, continued to dominate. Their monopoly of the championship was not broken until 1965 when a chap named Bud Somerville skipped the U.S. to a win. Since then Scotland and Sweden have each won a title, in 1967 and 1973 respectively, and at the start of the Perth matches the U.S. held the Silver Broom, the world championship trophy awarded by Air Canada, having beaten Sweden in 1974. Still, Canada had won it 12 of 16 years, and at Perth it was among the favorites, having the best record in the preliminary 10-nation round-robin tournament, ahead of Sweden, the U.S. and Switzerland. Canada was matched against Switzerland in the semifinal round, with the U.S. facing Sweden. Some 200 citizens of Thunder Bay, Ontario, hometown of the Canadian rink, had signed a three-foot-long greeting cable, and on Saturday night at the arena one could scarcely hear the pipes and drums of the band, as they were belting out "Bonnie Dundee," for the chanting of "Go, Canada, go!"

But football-style chants hardly mesh with the subtle game of curling. The climax, when they come, are more the occasion for hissed, indrawn breaths as the stone travels down the ice, and polite, Wimbledon-style clapping when it hits in the right place. Under normal circumstances, a solemnly raised broom is the only signal the sweepers give to indicate a good shot.

In their semifinal, Canadian brooms were lofted often enough, even though at the halfway point Switzerland led 3-1. (In curling the advantage lies with the team that has the last shot of an end. Since the winner of the previous end leads off the next, many prefer to leave an end scoreless when they hold that last-shot advantage.) Sure enough, in the fifth end Canadian Skip Bill Tetley had chosen to send his rock through the house, hoping to pick up two clear points later. He did it in the sixth for a 3-3 tie. By the 10th and final end, the score was 5-5, but Canada had the advantage of the last shot and victory looked certain. A Canadian stone held the center of the house and was

guarded, seemingly impregnable, by a row of others. Danish picked up his rock for the last Swiss shot.

They are still arguing about how he managed it, and there are cynics who will insist that he'd never manage it again and that, anyway, it wasn't the shot he was trying for. His stone, 42 pounds of dressed granite with a smooth bottom disk of pale gray rock from Aulsa Craig, an island off the west coast of Scotland, chipped one of his own guard stones into the center of the house, knocking out the Canadian stone and coming to rest behind the wall of guards. The Canadians could still make it: Tetley had another shot left. But, expecting merely to have to play a simple rock to finish the game, and with all the pressure on him now, he missed, slipping through the house too deeply. Stunningly, Switzerland had won 6-5.

Meanwhile, the other semifinal was already over. Although the U.S. second man, Gary Schnee, had started badly, sending two rocks right through the house and out of play, Sweden led only 4-3 after five ends and the U.S. had the last-shot advantage.

Like all other curling matches, this one was at once beautiful and comic. The beauty comes in the delivery of the stone, a fluid movement which begins when the player swings it and continues until his arm reluctantly releases it and slowly rises in a kind of farewell gesture. Then comes the broom play, which reminds one of the rustic origins of the game. Furiously stopping and starting to the yelled instructions of the skip, the sweepers brush the ice in the path of the stone. An outsider assumes that the purpose is to clear away chips of ice that might impede the stone's run, but this isn't so. The friction of the broom creates a more slippery surface. The comedy comes in the manic fury of the technique. Europeans favor stubby brooms with pig bristles and they use a short, scrubbing movement. The North Americans favor long corn brooms and they slap away like sorcerer's apprentices who have gotten an hour behind the clock.

In the semifinal against Sweden, Risling's strategy was a major factor in the U.S. win. The Swedes seemed to have the initiative for much of the game, with Risling always having to save the situation with his last shot, always impulsive, always very precise, his rock curling slowly into the target like an old steam train

easing its way into a depot. In the end, the Swedes broke, with one shaking his broom angrily, claiming his rock had gone off course when it encountered a corn straw dropped from a U.S. broom. That was in the ninth end, and in the 10th the Swedes were still flustered enough to make bad shots. The U.S. won 6-4 and became favorites for the Sunday night final. After all, Daniels couldn't very well be expected to produce a second miracle, could he?

The Swiss fans thought so. They banged cowbells, chanted rhythmically and waved their flags, although their "lead," or first player to deliver, Uli Mueller, misplayed his first four shots. Even Daniels looked a bit strained. It was totally unexpected that they should go ahead 2-0 at the second end, with the U.S. having had the advantage of the last shot.

After the game Risling claimed that there had been two critical moments, in the second and ninth ends. "In the second," he said, "I was going to blank the end so that I could keep the last-shot advantage. I threw that stone just as good as I could. I thought it was perfect, but the rock curled more than it had previously. We didn't even sweep it. We thought it was that good. But away it went. We couldn't stop it. It just nicked the Swiss rock to the back of the ring and moved all the way across the house. That gave the Swiss that two-point advantage. It gave them the tempo of the whole game."

Losing an end at curling, when on has the last shot, is like having your service broken in tennis. In a tight game it is very hard to recover, and in this game the Swiss held on to the advantage, never performing brilliantly but not making any mistakes. It was all they needed to do. "We had another chance right in the ninth," Risling said. "I had to make a double takeout. So I threw very quietly, thinking the rock would curl a little. It didn't. It just ran straight. Then Daniels hit the front stone and got it in. My last rock took less ice than I thought and curled a foot and a half. It's a strange game, curling."

And so, finally, Switzerland won, by 7-3. "Good for curling," an American said, seeking what comfort he could, and he was probably right. The first-ever Swiss win will encourage other newcomers to international curling, like France, Italy and Denmark. The ice looks wide open for next year's Silver Broom in Duluth, Minn.

END

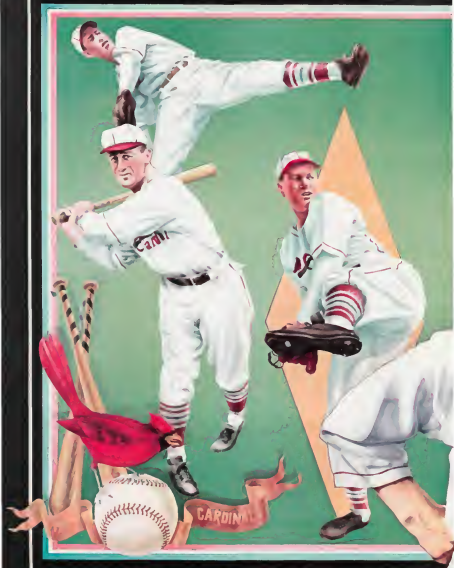


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THE GUTS OF THE GANG: FROM LEFT, FRANKIE FRISCH, PAUL DEAN, OZZY DEAR, DUROCHER, PEPPER MARTIN, JOE MEDWICK

THAT OLD GANG OF MINE

In 1934 the Gas House Gang came clawing out of St. Louis to seize a pennant and the World Series. Lending a fast glove and faster tip was a cocky shortstop

by LEO DUROCHER

with ED LINN



CONTINUED

In his 50 years in baseball Leo Durocher came to represent a way of life at least as American as apple pie and quite a bit crassier. He was the apostle of high spikes, knockdown pitches, swatting lingo. Rules were for stretching, umpires were for hitting. Durocher was 20 when he played his first major league games, for the Yankees. He was an adept shortstop, but, said teammate Babe Ruth, the "All-American Out" at bat. Subsequently he took his glove to Cincinnati, St. Louis and Brooklyn. Best

known as manager of the Dodgers of Mae Phull and Rickey and the Giants of Thomson and Mays, he had an affinity for hot water (he was suspended for the 1947 season). As skipper of the Cubs and, lastly, the Astros, he viewed a new breed of ballplayer with increasing ire. "Nice guys finish last," although a misquotation, suited him well. "I come to kill you" was the authentic Durocher credo in the ball park. Now he has put the entire career into a book, and this article is the first of a series excerpted from it.

In some of the voting I have seen on the greatest teams of all time, the 1927 Yankees have been ranked first and the 1934 Cardinals second. Which shows what the passage of time can do. In sheer talent, those Cardinals weren't in the same class with a dozen teams I could name. We were a one-shot champion, and they were saying that we weren't even the best team in the league that year. To win the pennant we had to win 20 of our last 25 games, and even then the Giants had to lose their final two games to a second-division team. I can tell you one thing, though—we may not have been the greatest, but there were 23 players on that team who thought we were.

The best thing we had going for us, as far as posterity is concerned, was our name, the Gas House Gang. It gave us an identity, it gave us a personality, and in both cases it was an accurate one. You say those words and you think of Dizzy Dean and Paul Dean and Pepper Martin and Joe Medwick and Frankie Frisch, the playing manager, and Rip Collins and Bill DeLancey, and by the way let us not forget the captain and shortstop, Leo Durocher.

I remember so clearly the doubleheader we played in the Polo Grounds late in the season. We were still 3½ games behind the Giants with 16 games to go, but we had been coming on strong. We had been unbeatable on the whole trip through the East, and the place was jam-packed. Ballplayers are a superstitious breed, and while you are winning you'd murder anybody who tried to change your sweat shirt, let alone your uniform.

To complete the picture, we had played on a couple of wet fields during the road trip and so our uniforms were not only dirty, they were caked with dry mud. Pepper Martin and Frankie Frisch were already being called our "diving seals." They would put on a double steal, and just as Martin, who made the head-first slide famous, would be diving into third base, Frisch, who had been quick to copy it, would be diving into second. DeLancey and Medwick would dive half the time, and so would Jack Rothrock and Ernie Orsatti, our other outfielders besides Medwick. By the time we got to New York the uniforms were so filthy that we could have thrown them in the corner and they'd have stood up by themselves. The bills of our caps were all bent and creased and twisted. We looked horrible, we knew it and we gloried in it.

We swept the doubleheader at the Polo Grounds to stay alive, and I believe it was the next day that I saw a cartoon by Willard Mullin in the New York *World-Telegram*. It showed two big gas tanks on the wrong side of the railroad tracks, and some ballplayers crossing over to the good part of town carrying clubs over their shoulders instead of bats. The caption read: THE GAS HOUSE GANG.

Whether it was Mullin who coined the name for us with that cartoon, I can't say for sure; all I know is that it was the first time I ever saw it. And I just loved it.

I think people of a certain age remember the Gas House Gang so fondly because we typified what big-league baseball was in those days. It was a rough-and-tumble, no-holds-barred

game played predominantly by farm boys. Generally unschooled, generally unspoiled, generally unsophisticated. Right off the farm or down from the hills. Today the battle cry is, "This is my office, this is where I work. I've got a private life and interests off the field." In the olden days they had only one interest, and that was baseball.

The philosophy on the field was totally different than it is today. Baseball was a form of warfare played under a set of rules that were not necessarily drawn up by the league officials and certainly not by the Marquess of Queensberry. Today, a pitcher gets fined if the umpire *thinks* he threw at a batter. In those days the umpire didn't have to take any courses in mind reading. The pitcher *told* you he was going to throw at you.

Dizzy Dean's special hatred was the batter who dug a hole for his back foot as he stepped into the box. Diz would just stand there nodding his head until he was finished and then he'd yell, "You all done? You comfortable? Well, send for the groundkeeper and get a shovel because that's where they're gonna bury you." And—boom—down he'd go.

I once saw Diz hit seven straight Giants in Miami early in the exhibition season, because the Giants had had the nerve to score seven runs off him in one inning. Diz was so mad he was stomping all over the place. "They're not gonna hit the Master that way," he muttered. The last batter was Bill Terry, the manager. Terry got as far out of the box as was legal and kept looking down at our catcher, Bill DeLancey. "Come on," he said. "What's the matter with you guys?"

What's going on? Are you guys crazy?"

"Because you're the manager you're no better than the rest of them," DeLaney told him. "Get up here, because you're going to get yours too."

Diz got him twice. Hit him in the back and the ball bounced up and hit him again in the neck. When Cy Fierman, the umpire, finally went out and told Frisch he was going to have to take Diz out, he was almost apologetic about it. "I got to do it, Frank," he said. "He's gonna kill somebody."

The Giants didn't beat Diz a game all that year. I always had a feeling they didn't really look forward to hitting against him. But today if you just yell, "Put it in his ear" to loosen the batter up a little, off comes the umpire's mask and you're in the clubhouse.

In the Gas House Gang, we fought as much among ourselves as with the opposition. Joe Medwick once knocked our pitcher, Ed Heusser, cold in the middle of a game because Heusser told him he hadn't hustled after a fly ball. Laid him out right there in the dugout with half the crowd looking in. Another time, Medwick belted Tex Carleton in the batting cage because Carleton, who was supposed to be our starting pitcher, wouldn't get out of there after the bell rang. Hit him a shot that blackened his eye and knocked him back against the cage. That Medwick was mean. He came to play.

So, in his own way, was Dizzy Dean. Diz was pitching one day in Pittsburgh, and they loaded the buses on him very early in the game. Somebody hit a high fly along the left-field line. I took out after it and ran and ran and just missed catching up to it. The ball hit fair, three runs scored, and when we got to the bench Diz accused Medwick of loafing on the play. One word led to another, and Medwick said, "You do the pitching, loudmouth, and I'll take care of the outfielding." And Diz said, "I'll give you a punch in the mouth."

Diz had been down by the water fountain at the end of the dugout, and as he started toward Medwick, his brother Paul got up and came with him. In those days, you may remember, the bats were laid out on the ground right in front of the dugout. Medwick just reached over and pecked up a bat. "Keep coming, Brothers Dean," he said. "Come on, both of you. I'll separate you real good."

Everybody jumped between them, of course, and a couple of innings later Medwick hit a grand-slam home run right out of Forbes Field and across Schenley Park. Through the trees and over everything. A ton. Medwick came back to the bench, filled up his mouth with water and just spat it all over Diz's shoes. "See if you can hold that lead, gutless," he snarled. And then we were separating them again.

Just let an outsider step in, though, and there were 23 guys on his back. We were playing an exhibition game in Tampa, and when we came back to the Tampa Terrace Hotel, Irv Kupcinet, the Chicago columnist, was there with Jack Miley of the New York *Daily News*. We were all lined up at the desk trying to get our keys. Miley had just written a column about Diz, and there was something in there Diz didn't like. Something that was sad about his wife, Pat. The first thing I knew, Diz took out after them. And while Diz and Miley were hollering at each other, someone walked over and hit Miley a shot out of nowhere. And wouldn't you know, Medwick jumped in and hit Kup a shot. Now Kup is a big man. He had been an NFL football player and he was still in good shape. Boy, I'll tell you, that Medwick never lost a debate in his life, mostly because he didn't bother. He was a one-man rampage.

Frisch was rough and tough, and the team took its personality from him. He and I fought and we cursed each other out, but it was only because he wanted to make me a better hitter. He was always on me to hit the ball to right. "Hit the ball to right, you humpy-dumpy!" And he was right, so right. Miller Huggins, who was managing the Yankees when I was with them, had told me, "The way you play shortstop you don't have to hit over .250, but be a tough .250 hit-

continued

PAUL DEAN . . .

AND BROTHER DIZ



ter." In other words, get the hits when they mean something, move the man around, knock in some runs. And I became that at the end of my career, a .250 hitter who would knock in his share of runs. But there were things I couldn't do that a .250 hitter should learn to do. "Wait on the inside pitch, wait on it, and you'll hit it to right," Frankie would scream at me. "It's easier to hit the inside pitch to right than the outside pitch."

If I had paid more attention to Frisch I would have been a better player.

Frisch had been brought up under John McGraw, and he wasn't interested in having you come in and tell him where it hurt. The only injury I had in all the years I played ball came one day when I reached over casually for the last ball being hit during infield practice. The ball hit me right in the web of the hand between the thumb and the index finger and split it wide open. They took me to the hospital and put 14 stitches in. I came back to the ball park, slapped a piece of gauze around the split, taped it real tight and I was playing again in three days. Pepper Martin played with a broken finger, and nobody knew it until he threw the ball across the diamond and yards of busedage followed behind it. When the writers asked him about it after the game, Pepper said, "It's only a small bone."

Frisch? Pepper could have walked past him in the locker room with a sign reading **BROKEN FINGER** hung on it, and Frankie wouldn't have noticed.

Pepper was the only player I ever worried about on the field. He played without a cup or supporter, didn't wear any underwear and didn't put on the sanitary socks. Just the uniform stockings that loop under the arches, his pants, his shirt, his shoes and his cap.

This was the man they called The Wild Horse of the Osage, one of the greatest nicknames that ever has been put on a player. He ran like a wild man, he belly-flopped into the bases and he played third base, which wasn't his natural position, with his body. Chick Hafey, who kept all the third basemen in the league black and blue, once hit a ball off Pepper's leg

that left it numb for a full week. Pepper kept his mouth shut and stayed in the lineup.

When Pepper was 44 years old, he visited us in spring training and demonstrated how he could leap over two equipment trunks from a standing start. Branch Rickey had taken over the Brooklyn Dodgers professional football team in the old All-American Conference that year and he promptly hired Pepper to be his place-kicking specialist. It didn't matter that Pepper had never place-kicked in his life. As far as Mr. Rickey



BRANCH RICKEY

was concerned, Pepper could do anything he put his mind to. Mr. Rickey was always a great believer in technique. He hired all kinds of experts to instruct Pepper on the proper form and knee action, probably the aerodynamics of the ball, for all I know. Before long, Pepper was booting the ball through consistently from 30 and 40 yards out.

"You see how you've profited from the instruction, Johnny," Rickey beamed. "Which of the advice did you find to be most valuable?"

"Well," Pepper said, "I listened to them all and tried everything they said, and then I figured it out that what you were supposed to do was give the ball a good kick."

He'd probably have led the league in

scoring, too, if he hadn't ripped a muscle in his kicking leg just before the season started.

If Martin was the spirit of the Gus House Gang, Dizzy Dean was what Babe Ruth had been to the Yankees, our big man and our good-luck charm. The guy who would tell you what he was going to do when all the marbles were on the line and then go out and do it.

You know, Diz was just a big, raw-honed 22-year-old kid out of the Ozarks when I joined the Cardinals. He was having his first 20-win season, the writers were just starting to come around and Diz loved the attention so much that he'd give them all a different story. I mean, from the ground up. Different age, different birthplace, even a different name. A writer would come in and

Diz would tell him his name was Jerome Herman Dean and that he was born in Arkansas. The next day he'd tell another writer that he was really Jay Hanna Dean from Tennessee and had adapted the other name when he signed his first baseball contract, in memory of a cousin who had drowned in a swimming hole. I'd sit there and listen to him, and I'd say, "Diz, why do you tell these people you were born in all these different places? You're gonna run out of states south of the Mason-Dixon line pretty soon." He'd say, "They got to write a story, partner. I'm big news now. If I give this one the same story, what's there left for him to write? That ain't news."

The season that was to make the Gus House Gang famous began with the Great Debut Holdout. Diz had already signed his contract for something like \$7,800, even though he had won 20 games the year before. But he wasn't holding out for himself. His brother Paul, who had never pitched a big-league game in his life, was coming up that year, and when Diz learned that Paul had signed for \$3,000 he told Rickey, the Cardinals' vice-president and general manager, "You cheated my brother," and refused to put his uniform on.

All the while that Diz was holding out to get Paul more money, Paul, who wanted nothing more than a chance to pitch,

continued

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"But there are hazards ... those sand traps you don't see until you're right on top of them. Kerplunk! Linda and I plopped right into one. That's when she asked me to take her to the next oasis.

"Later, we toasted our adventure with **Canadian Club** at the Hotel du Sud

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Canadian Club
Imported in bottle from Canada.

was in uniform working out with the team.

It finally got settled with Paul maybe getting another \$500. The other story was that he didn't.

The day Diz finally put on his uniform, a group of newspapermen took him into the lower bleacher stands at Daytona Beach to interview him. Some of us were holding a pepper game right in front of them, with our backs to the bleachers, and we're all on the ear because everybody on the team got a kick out of Diz.

"Don't worry about me," Dean told the writers. "My arm is made of rubber. I'll be ready to pitch in two days." (That's what Diz always said: "My arm is made of rubber. I'll be ready in two days.")

"What about your brother Paul?"

"Don't worry about Paul. He'll do all right."

"Well, he never pitched in the major leagues."

"Yeah, but he's a fine pitcher. He's gonna do real good."

"How many games do you think you and your brother will win, Diz?"

And Diz said, "Forty-five."

We could hear the sportswriters snicker, which was all right because we were snickering too. "Forty-five, huh? That's pretty good, Diz. How many you going to win, Diz?"

"Whatever Paul don't win."

So I started to laugh. I looked at Frisch and said, "Well, let's go fishing for a month and a half. We've got 45 won. We don't have a worry in the world."

Frank looked at me sourly. "Let's win first. Then we'll talk about it."

And Diz hollered down, "Forty-five, Frankie, it's a cinch."

Some joke. He underestimated himself. Look it up and you will see that Diz won 30 and Paul won 19. And then they won two apiece in the World Series.

Five days after we won that doubleheader in the Polo Grounds, we were back in New York, dirty uniforms and all, to play a doubleheader against Brooklyn. Dizy pitched a three-hit shutout to win the first game, and Paul pitched a no-hitter to win the second. Those were the games that got us within striking distance and left no doubt in our minds that we were going to win. "The only thing that makes me mad," Diz said afterward, "is I didn't know I hadn't given them any hits in the first seven innings. I should have known that. Then I'd have really breezed the ball in there

and we'd both have had a no-hitter."

With the season coming to a close we were playing a two-game series against Pittsburgh and a four-game series against Cincinnati, and we were still two games behind the Giants. The Giants were going to close against Casey Stengel's Dodgers, and that was the year Bill Terry had asked the famous question, "Is Brooklyn still in the league?"

Diz, who had been pitching down the stretch with only two days' rest, won the opener against Pittsburgh, and after Paul had got beaten in the next one, Frisch called a meeting to discuss the pitching rotation in the last four games. I can hear Diz as if he were in the clubhouse right now: "I'll pitch tomorrow, and if I get in trouble Paul will relieve me. And he'll pitch the next day, and if he gets in trouble, I'll relieve him. And I'll pitch the next

From the forthcoming book, "New Guys Finish Last," by Leo Durocher with Ed Linn, to be published by Simon & Schuster, Inc.

day and Paul will pitch the day after that. Don't worry, we'll win four straight."

For once Diz was wrong. They only pitched in three of them.

With three games to go, Diz shut the Reds out to put us in a flat-footed tie with the Giants. The next day Paul Dean beat them 6-1, and Van Mungo of the Dodgers beat the Giants. We were a game ahead with one game to play. If we lost and the Giants won, baseball would have its first playoff. Because of the different time zones, we knew the Giants had lost again before our game started. Not that it mattered. With his opportunity to tie down the pennant and become a 30-game winner, there was no chance whatsoever that Dizy Dean was going to lose. He pitched another shutout.

The World Series opened in Detroit and Diz was down to pitch the opening game with his usual two days' rest. On the day we arrived in town we walked into the ball park. The Tigers were taking batting practice. "Get the bats," Diz said. And he walked down to the field in his street clothes, picked out a bat and jumped into the cage in front of Hank Greenberg, the big gun for the Tigers. "I'll show you how to hit the ball, Moe," he said.

The "Moe" was just what you think it is, the casual anti-Semitism of the locker room. That was part of the era of the

farm boy, too. What did it mean? Well, it meant what it meant. Depending on who said it and how you chose to take it, I was at a banquet with Joe DiMaggio the year he came back from a bad ankle injury and limped up to the plate at Fenway Park to bury the Red Sox. I was telling Joe that I didn't think the Yankees could possibly have won the pennant without him. "No," DiMaggio said, "the Little Dago is the only player the Yankees can't afford to lose. He's the one who holds the team together."

The Little Dago was Phil Rizzuto. The Big Dago was DiMaggio himself. That's what they were called in their own locker room, and you can see that they took it as a compliment.

There was never anything vicious about Diz, though. Greenberg just laughed at him. Diz hit a couple of pretty good drives, and then Greenberg stepped in and hit one a ton and a half. "That's the way to hit the ball, Moe," Dean said.

Outrageous but never vicious.

The final game is where the action was. Before we got there I have to tell you that after we had taken a 2-1 lead in games (Diz had won Game One and Paul had won Game Three) Frisch decided that he could afford to give Diz another day of rest. The result was that we got slaughtered 10-4, and Diz almost got killed when he put himself into the game as a pinch runner. It happened in the fourth inning while we were still in the ball game. As a matter of fact, I was on first base (I had reached on an error) when Spud Davis, a big slow-footed catcher, pinch-hit for the pitcher and lined a single to right. One run scored. I went to third with the tying run, and when I looked up, Diz, who fancied himself a great base runner, was pulling off his jacket and dashing onto the field to run for Davis. I assume that he put himself in because he had been doing it all year.

Let me ask you something. How many times have you seen a base runner hit by the relay from second base? I played shortstop for years, and whenever a man was coming in high on me I always aimed the ball right between the eyes. Never hit a man in my life because the reflex action is to duck.

Pepper Martin hit a moderate hopper toward second base, and the way Pepper could run there was no chance at all of doubling him at first. As I'm about to cross the plate I look toward second and



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DUROCHER continued

see that Billy Rogell, the Detroit shortstop, is throwing the ball anyway. Instead of ducking, Diz straightens up and the ball hits him flush on the forehead.

They carried him off the field with his head out to here, and the first thing he said when he came to in the clubhouse was, "They didn't get Pepper, did they?"

Get him? Pepper had been across the bag when Rogell threw.

Diz pitched the next day anyway and although he pitched well enough, he wasn't the same Dizzy Dean. We lost, 3-1. And that sent us back to Detroit needing to sweep the final two games.

Paul won the first one. The whole World Series was coming down to the final game.

The question was whether Diz could come back on one day's rest despite whatever ill effects there might still be from the beating, or whether to go with Wild Bill Hallahan, who had pitched a fine eight innings in the second game. Hallahan was supposed to be a great World Series pitcher because he had beaten the Philadelphia A's twice in 1931, and the consensus of opinion in the newspapers was that Hallahan would start. Frank ran down the eight regular positions, and when he got to the pitcher's spot he said, "Let's have a meeting."

The first thing he did was to look at Diz. "How do you feel?"

Diz was indignant. "You wouldn't think of pitching anybody else with the greatest pitcher in the world sitting here?"

Great. As far as I'm concerned, that's all I have to hear.

Frank gives him a sour look and snags, "Pay attention. We'll go over the hitters."

We already had gone over the Detroit hitters about three times that week, and Diz is lounging against his locker looking bored and half asleep and saying, "Yeah . . . yeah . . . sure . . ." Frank gets to the No. 3 hitter, Mickey Cochrane, their playing manager. He's telling Diz that you have to get the ball inside to him because Cochrane loves to line the outside pitch to left, but before he can finish Diz stands up and throws his scorecard down on the floor. "What the hell you going over the hitters for? They're not going to get any runs off me."

With that, Diz reaches into the trunk where the Mudcat Band, players who strummed and fiddled when the mood struck them, kept its instruments, and be-

continued



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DUROCHER (continued)

gins to hand them around. In a couple of seconds Pepper is strumming away at his guitar and singing. "She'll be coming 'round the mountain" at the top of his voice. The others are joining in, and I never heard so many four-letter words in my life as came streaming out of Frisch's mouth. Frisch looks at Diz, who is doubled over with laughter, and yells, "Hallehah is the pitcher!"

I don't want Hallehah. I want Dean. I was still \$6,000 in debt, which is just about what the winner's share is going to come to. The loser's share I'm not interested in anytime. I follow Frisch back to his locker, but I can't do a thing with him. "Hallehah's the pitcher," he keeps saying.

Hallehah, hell! I go running over to Dean's locker and I say, "Diz, I don't care what you do, but you got to go over and apologize to this man. He is not going to let you pitch."

Diz can't believe it. "He wouldn't dare pitch anybody else."

"Diz, he's already told me he isn't going to let you pitch. You know he wants the Old Master, and I know he wants the Old Master. All you got to do is go over and apologize. Give him a left-handed apology. Anything at all, and I'm sure he'll let you pitch."

Frank was seated on one of those little round stools in front of his locker and he was bent over tying his shoes. He had already developed a bald spot on the back of his head, and Diz walked over and said, "I rankie-hoy . . ."

Frank looked up, real mad. Like he still wanted to throttle him. "Yeah?"

And Diz said, "Let me tell you something, Frank. . . ." and he reached over and patted him on the bald spot. "If you listen to me, Frank," he said, "I'll make you the greatest manager in the game."

That was his apology.

Well, Frank blew his top and I was ready to blow my top, too. I pulled Dean away from there and I said, "You dirty so and so," and added whatever words I rankie had misred.

Diz just grinned. "He'll let me pitch. He wants to win, don't he?"

When we were ready to go out, I said to I rank, "He's going to pitch, isn't he?"

Frank said, "That dirty sonofa . . ."

I said, "He'll be great, I rank. Isn't he great? He's ready today. You can see how ready he is, can't you, Frank?" And when Frank didn't say anything I whipped the lineup card out, wrote J. Dean in the

pitcher's spot and shoved it back in my pocket.

After batting practice, I ran back into the trainer's room where Diz is getting his arm rubbed. I don't know what I'm doing there. What am I going to do, tell him how to pitch? So I give him a pep talk. Knute Rockne at the top of his game never worked any harder. "No fooling around out there today, Diz. The lower's share is no good to me." The Great Dean The Old Master. Bear down. "Pitch like I know you can pitch, and after today when they talk about the great pitchers they'll have to start with the name of Dizzy Dean."

Diz was paying no attention at all to me, of course, but when he walked out to the field to warm up I was still at his elbow yacking away. We had to come out through the Detroit dugout, and all of a sudden I'm talking to myself. I look back, and he's standing behind the Detroit pitcher, Eldon Auker, watching him warm up. Auker was an underhand pitcher. He had already beaten us a game, the game where Diz got hit on the head, but Diz is standing there with his arms behind his back as if he's scouting him. He hollers down to Cochrane, "Are you going to pitch this guy today? You must have given up." Then he breaks out laughing, the most insulting laugh I've ever heard in my life. "Is that the best he's got? He's nothing. Nothing. Myszlow stuff is better than that."

Auker turns around and hollers, "Get out of here, you blowhard! You loud-mouthed —" Auker is ready to pop him, he's so mad, and Cochrane is screaming at me, "Get him out of there!" He's ready to come charging up and take a whack at Diz himself.

I grabbed Diz by the elbow. "Come on, you donkey," I said. The last thing I want right now is to have Diz bruise his right hand in any scuffle. Tomorrow you can take on Joe Louis, Dean.

Diz warmed up and didn't throw a fastball until the last minute. Five or six fastballs, throws his glove down and comes walking in. Nothing worried this man. The more important the game, the more fun he had.

And luck? I've always said about Dizzy Dean that if the roof fell in and Diz was sitting in the middle of the room, everybody else would be buried in the debris and a gumdrop would drop into his mouth. In the third inning I led off with a little pop fly to the infield. Diz came

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DUROCHER —continued—

up and hit a high foul behind the plate, which just barely dropped into the front row of boxes. Easily playable, should have been an out—except that Mickey Cochrane, a Hall of Fame catcher, the catcher picked on everybody's all-time All-Star team, didn't bother to go after it. The one time in his life probably that he so completely misjudged that kind of a foul ball. On the next pitch Diz hits a dinky Texas Leaguer over third base. Goose Goslin, the Detroit leftfielder, started in slow, because he never figured on a pitcher running, but Diz was a real good base runner and, of course, he was crazy, he'd take all kinds of chances. Diz rounded first in high gear, and everybody in the ball park could hear Buzzy Wares, our first-base coach, yell, "Whoa! Whoa!" Goslin, who had a great arm, fired to Gehring at second, and Gehring had the ball waiting for him two feet away. There was no way for Diz to get around him, and Gehring, a Hall of Fame second baseman, hadn't missed a tag on a runner or said a word to one in 15 years.

As Diz would say, he "slud" into second, there was a big cloud of dust, and I don't know how, why or whether Gehring missed him but the umpire is signaling that he's safe.

Pepper Martin is the next hitter. He tries to get away from a high inside pitch, the ball hits his hat and trickles down between first base and the pitcher. The next thing you know Pepper's on first and Dean is standing on third.

Now Pepper Martin had picked up a lot of expressions from Branch Rickey. Pepper used to listen to Rickey, write down a word and use it at every opportunity. You haven't lived unless you've been to a banquet and heard Pepper Martin answer the inevitable question about how he knew when to steal a base. "I believe in intuition," Pepper would say. "As Mr. Rickey says, 'Intuition is the subconscious acting in a time of duress.'" His favorite Rickey word, though, was initiative. Pepper would drive Frisch crazy by getting up in meetings and saying, "Frankie-boy, if you'll let me run on my own initiative, I'll steal a base every time."

"You'll run when I tell you," Frank would yell.

"Frankie-boy, a good manager cultivates initiative."

"When I tell you, and not before!" Frank would scream.

Well, Rothrock is at bat, and Frisch is coming up next. As Frank leans over to pick out his bat, Pepper steals second. First pitch. Clean as a whistle. Frank looks up, and he still doesn't know what happened. Mike Gonzalez, the third-base coach, has his hands spread wide as if to say, "I didn't give him any sign." Martin is grinning from second base as if to say, "See, Frankie-boy, if you'd let me run on my own initiative, I could do this every time."

The count goes to two balls and no strikes on Rothrock, and they decide to walk him to get to Frisch. Frank is coming to the end of his career, and when Auker gets two quick strikes on him, he's up there swinging like a woman with four bales of laundry in her arms. Just guarding the plate. But he keeps fouling off pitches, and he finally rips one down the right-field line, just fair, and scores all three runs. That's the end of Eldon Auker. Schoolboy Rowe gets Medwick for the second out, but Rip Collins singles. DeLancey doubles. Orsatti walks. That brings me up for the second time in the inning with runners on first and second, and I hit a ball to right so hard that DeLancey has to hold up at third.

Get the picture? The bases are loaded, and here comes Dizzy Dean again. This time he tops a ball down toward third, and they can't make a play on it. Two hits in one inning. He's tied a World Series batting record. The sixth run of the inning has scored and the bases are still loaded. Pepper Martin walks and that makes the score 7-0. Twelve men go to bat before Tommy Bridges comes in and gets Rothrock out.

Now, it was a cool day, but when we come in again, Dizzy won't sit down or put on a jacket. He's having too much fun walking up and down the dugout kidding with everybody. This is his day and he knows it and he's going to enjoy it. Frank is telling him that it's only the fourth inning. Sit down. Keep your arm warm. "It's all over," Diz says. "I told you at the meeting, one was all I needed. They're not going to get any." And he was right. One was all he needed, and Diz had scored it himself.

Now comes the fifth inning and Hank Greenberg is leading off. Our book on Greenberg was that he could really powder a high outside pitch but that he couldn't handle a good fastball high and tight. For once, the book had been right. Diz was pinching him three-quarters side-

arm so that his fastball would run in on him, and he was handling him with such ease that day that he was actually laughing at him.

DeLaney goes down and gives the signs, and Dean is shaking everything off. Now, you caught Diz like a high school catcher: one finger for a fastball, two for a curve, three for a change-of-pace curve. DeLaney puts down one finger, puts down two fingers, puts down three fingers, and Dean shakes him off every time.

So DeLaney starts all over. One, no, two, no; three, no. And I'm thinking, so what are you going to throw, Diz? That's all you got!

DeLaney calls time and walks out to the mound. Frank and I are running in, too. Before we're halfway there, Dean has turned his back on DeLaney and he's waiting for Frisch. "Where did you say this fellow's strength was?"

"You're pitching great," Frisch says. "Just don't get the ball out and away from him. Come on."

"I don't think he can hit me out there," Diz tells him.

I thought Frisch was going to explode. "Who's warming up?" he's saying. "Get this guy out of here." He signals to the bullpen to get to work. If anybody was about to pitch, he tells Dean, he'd have him out of there in five seconds. "Get the ball inside," he screams. "Get it inside."

Diz wound up and threw a high fastball on the outside of the plate, and Greenberg singled to right.

Diz turned to Frisch and nodded his head. "You're right, Frankie. He can hit the hell out of the ball if you get it out there."

A couple of innings later we're leading 11-0. Same thing. DeLaney goes down, runs through Dean's entire repertoire: 1, 2, 3. Dean won't pitch the ball. Frisch and I come trooping in again. All right, Diz, what's the matter now?

"Frank," he says. "Do you think Hubbell is a better pitcher than me?"

No, Diz, Hubbell's no better than you. Nobody's better than you. You're a better pitcher than God. Come on, you're going great. Throw the ball and let's get this game over with.

Diz is satisfied. "If Hubbell's no better than me," he says, "then I ought to be able to throw a screwball."

He never threw a screwball in his life, and he wants to experiment in the seventh game of the World Series.

Something else had happened between those two brainstorms. In the sixth inning he had scored two more runs and the key hit was a triple by Joe Medwick. Medwick had a way of sliding with one leg underneath and the other foot up in the air. He couldn't slide any other way when he was coming in feet first and it's no secret that he had been known to cut a man every now and again. Sometimes by accident.

Medwick came into third base with his shoe pointed at Marv Owen's chest, and Owen, who was about as happy as you would imagine he would be at the way things were going, reached his own foot over and tried to stomp on him. You could have bet me right there that Medwick was going to get up and take a whack at him.

Medwick got up and took a whack at him.

At the end of the inning, when Medwick went out to left field, the Detroit fans, who were no happier about losing the World Series than Owen, threw everything they could get their hands on at him: fruit, vegetables, pop bottles, seat cushions, spare automobile parts. As soon as the ground crew had cleared it all away, the barrage started again.

There was no way we were going to continue the game. Judge Landis, who was seated in the commissioner's box, sent for Medwick, Owen, Cochrane and Frisch. And also Bill Klem, who was working the game. I walked in with Frisch and I'm standing a little behind them, you know, so that I can hear what's going on.

Landis looks at Medwick and says, "Mr. Medwick, did you take a punch at Mr. Owen?"

Joe Medwick and I were roommates, and I never heard him tell a lie in his life. "Yes, sir," Joe said.

Landis looked at Owen. "And did you try to step on Joe Medwick?"

And Marv Owen said, "No, sir."

Landis just kept looking at him. After a long silence he turned to Medwick with a look that I had seen often. A very kind, almost affectionate look. "For your own good, son," he said, "I think I'll have to remove you from the game. You might get hurt. And we do have to continue the ball game."

And, do you know, Frisch raised up about six feet and told the commissioner that he would not take Medwick out. "I am the manager of the St. Louis base-

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DUROCHER continued

ball team," he said, "and I say who plays and who doesn't play." If Judge Landis ordered Klem to throw Medwick out of the game, he said, then there was nothing he could do about it. "But I will not take him out myself."

In the same quiet, gentle way, Landis told him, "Now you will take him out. You will take him out. You will do as I direct you, Mr. Frisch. You will take him out."

Judge Landis was right. There was nothing else to do. If Medwick had stayed in the game, there would have been a riot in that park. The only thing Joe was disappointed about was that he had been having such a great Series that he only needed one more hit to tie Pepper Martin's 1931 record of 12. Chick Fullis, who went in to replace him, came up in the eighth inning and got a hit. As it was, Martin, in my book the man with the greatest World Series record of all time, had 11 hits, too.

In that final game I had two hits myself. In addition to the single in the big seven-run inning I hit the fence in right center for a triple and scored our 10th run.

By that time all we were really trying to do was preserve Dizzy Dean's shut-out. And, do you know, Diz was still so charged up that he almost blew it himself in the ninth. With Gehring on first base, Goose Goslin hit a perfect double-play ball to Rip Collins at first. Rip speared it moving to his right, threw the ball to me and raced back to cover first base. I whipped the ball to Rip, but Diz, who had come charging off the mound as soon as the ball was hit, cut right in front of him and took it away from him. What a beautiful double play! What a great fielding pitcher! The only trouble was that the umpire was signaling safe. Rip's foot had been on the bag and Diz's foot had been on top of Rip's.

Reggie promptly singled to put a run in scoring position. But Diz struck out Greenberg for the third time, and then Owen hit a ground ball to me. I flipped it to Frankie and the St. Louis Cardinals were champions of the world. The Gas House Gang.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week March 24-30

PRO BASKETBALL—NBA: The tightest defense came from the Pistons, whose Chuck Leakey held a Michigan lead over Kansas City-Oakoma, which clinched an 11th straight win in the playoffs. The Bulls lost three and won one while the Kings were 2-3, despite Nate Archibald averaging 14.6 in the five games. Third-place Detroit won 2-1, with Curtis Rivers hitting a season-high of 28 in a 110-101 victory over Portland. Capital leader Washington played one game, a 94-91 loss to Buffalo. Houston reached its second straight ahead of Cleveland, with a 2-2 mark. The Cavaliers (2-3) played before their largest home crowd ever (18,911) in a 80-64 loss to Boston, but beat the Bulls 84-83 for their first win in five, as Chicago Atlantic King Boston won on a rare before-during-in-the-first-quarter game. Buffalo was undefeated in four games, while the New York Knicks (2-2) remained alive in the wild-card race. Philadelphia eliminated Detroit from the playoffs with three losses. Pacific leader Golden State was 2-1, Seattle 2-1, the SuperSonics' loss to Phoenix killed the team's five-game losing streak. Lakers Gail Goodrich hit a career-high 33 points in a 114-103 win over the Kings.

AHA—New York were shaking their heads as the Nets dropped four games in a row, and Kentucky was five straight to come within half a game of the Eastern leaders. At the end of the week the Celtics beat New York 126-91, an 11th-straight game which saw New York separated and Western-led Denver secure off against Kentucky's Dan Issel. Virginia continued to attack the worst record in pro basketball (15-45), with another four losses, while Memphis was 2-3 for the week, including a 111-106 defeat of the Nets. The Detroit Pistons were 2-2, Marvin Barnes averaging 33 points on the week. Utah was four wins in the West, where Denver held a 119-99 game lead over San Antonio. The Nuggets lost four games, including their fourth in a row over the Nets, 114-111, and a 121-89 scoring of Utah, in which eight Nuggets scored in double figures. The Spurs won three games, putting a club record for most wins (149). The Stars were 2-3 and San Diego 3-1. Indiana was 3-2, with George McGinnis scoring 44 in a 117-112 defeat of Utah.

BOXING—MUHAMMAD ALI retained his world heavyweight title, with a 110-round TKO over Chuck Wepner in Cleveland.

KEN NORRIS topped Jerry Quarry on a TKO in the fifth round of first heavyweight fight at Madison Square Garden. After the fight, Quarry, 35, announced he retires, he compiled a 49-3-4 record in 50 years.

JOSE NAPOLIS retained his world welterweight title with a 110-round technical win, the fight was stopped because of injury to Armando Maestri.

FACES IN THE CROWD



THOMAS WHITAKER, 28, a pre-dental student at San Francisco State, became the first small-bore shooter in the nation to fire a perfect 6,000—two years ago he missed by one point—he is now the 18th Western Wildcat Smallbore Championship at Phoenix.



JIM AND GENE HASSELL, of Virginia Wesleyan College, pitched back-to-back no-hitters in a doubleheader against St. Andrews. In their first outings of the season, Jim, a 6'1" sophomore left-hander, won the first game 6-0. Brother Gene, a 6'3" right-handed junior, pitched the second no-hitter in a 14-0 rout. Gene struck out eight, Jim nine, and both tossed four walks. Jim, 32, relies mostly on curves while 21-year-old Gene favors fastballs. Jim now has a 3-0 record, while Gene is a 2-2, including another shutout.

CREW—CAMBRIDGE based Oxford by 3 1/4 lengths with a time of 19:27 to take the 121st annual race on the Thames, outside London.

HOLF—JACK, NICKLAUS was the \$40,000 first prize in the Herbie Classic on Hilton Head Island, S.C., firing a three-under-par 68 in the final round for a 13-under 271 and a three-shot edge over Tom Weiskopf (Epp 27).

Shooting a final-round 304 under-par 68, JANE BLALOCK varied a 200 with the \$70,000 LPGA Classic in Scotland, Aug. by one stroke over JoAnne Carner. Blalock, who birdied four of the first five holes on the last day, earned \$16,000.

HOCKEY—NHL: Buffalo clinched first place in the Adams with a 3-4 win over California, and promptly dropped its next two games. Nevertheless, the Sabres led lost only three of their last 33. Boston was 2-1-1, Toronto was 1-0-2 and the Leafs dropped all four of their contests. Norris leader Montreal had a 2-2-1 week. A 4-1 defeat of Kansas City, Canada's Wager Cup leader, became the third player in the club's history to score 50 goals in one season, joining the distinguished company of Maurice Richard and Bernie Geoffrion. Pittsburgh had two wins, defeating the Canadiens 6-4 and stopping Detroit 4-2. Detroit was 0-2-1, while Washington held its own in a 3-3 draw with the Capitals. A 5-0 defeat of the Seals. Two regular starters, the Capitals had lost a new NHL record by losing 7 straight, not to mention the NHL record for most assists lost. In a night struggle, Vancouver (1-1-2) was in first by two points over Chicago (1-1-1) and St. Louis (1-0-1). Philadelphia, which has clinched the Patrick, recorded its 10th game in a row without a loss by beating Chicago 5-1. The New York Islanders moved into second place in the Rangers by a tie and downing the Rangers 6-4, while the Bruins were 1-1. Atlanta (0-0) was in fifth straight to pull within four points of the Rangers.

WFLA: The only undefeated division was the Canadian, where Quebec and Toronto were tied. The Nordiques did not help their cause by losing their sixth and seventh straight, one 5-4 overtime decision to the Toros. In contrast, Quebec's offense, second only to Montreal's in goals scored (156), scored three victories against the Islanders in their first four games in each game. Winnipeg was three and lost to Houston 8-0, while Edmonton was 1-3-1 and Vancouver 0-4. In the West, where Houston already has clinched the division title, Aero George Hume registered his 1,000th career point in an 8-0 conquest of Winnipeg. The Aeros also defeated Minnesota but dropped an earlier contest to Phoenix 2-1. San Diego was impressive with five victories. The Mavericks Fighting Spirit won their first in a row before Phoenix and then bowing to Houston 8-2.

New England, which locked up the first two weeks ago, went 2-1, while Cleveland was 2-0 and Chicago 0-3, eliminating the Chargers from the playoffs. Indianapolis lost four, including a 3-2 defeat in San Diego before the largest crowd (13,958) in Racer history.

HORSE RACING—In a pair of 1 1/4-mile Kentucky Derby, a victory (race 26), PRINCE THRU AIR (55) ridden by Bradlee Butler, was clocked in 1:50.4, as he captured the \$157,400 Florida Derby by 3 1/4 lengths over Sylvan Place at Gulfstream Park, while ANATAR (51) 890, Jango Tipton up, won the \$127,900 Santa Anita Derby by a nose over Rock of Ages in Ardenia, Calif. The winner's time 1:41 1/2. Prizewinner Freedom Pleasure and Dublin were both third.

SWIMMING—USC won its second straight NCAA championship, sophomore JOHN NABH R using the pace with three American records (Epp 59).

TENNIS—VIRGINIA WADE of Great Britain won her second title in two years, defeating Lene Lovén 5-7, 6-4 in the \$75,000 Virginia Slims of Philadelphia tournament. Wade earned \$15,000.

KEN ROSEWALL of Australia won \$10,000 by defeating under-ranked Rodd Bachoff 7-5, 4-6, 7-6 in the final of the \$15,000 Virginia Slims of Philadelphia tournament in Jackson, Miss.

TRACK & FIELD—DAVE ROBERTS, a graduate student at the University of Florida, who failed to make the U.S. Olympic team (Hart 1984), set a world record in the pole vault, clearing 18' 4 1/2" in the Florida Relays in Gainesville. The previous record of 18' 5 1/2" was held by Bob Seagren. High school junior HOLSTON METZGER of Baker, Fla. equaled the national interscholastic record of 9' 3" in the 100-yard dash.

JULIE BROWN of UCLA was two women's world records in winning the 10,000-meter race at the Southern Pacific AAU championships in Valencia, Calif. Her time in her mark of 35:00.4 in the 10,000. Brown was named as a record 33:52.4 for six miles.

WRESTLING—RESKIND JOE RAMSEY, Jr. head basketball coach at the University of Oklahoma, where his two-year record was 30-21.

DIED—WILLIE BUTCHER, 84, world lightweight champion (1913-14) and member of Boxing's Hall of Fame, in Burlington, Calif. Butcher, whose ring name was Gethard Starlin, ended his career in 1927 with a record of 35 wins, 22 non-decisions, four draws and nine losses.

CREDITS

19—Bob Cleveland, 20, 21—Walter Scott, Jr., 22—Joe Schwabach, 24, 25—Jerry Costa, 26—Epp 28, 29—Lynn Portney, John G. Zimmerman, 30—Rick Tracy, 31—Steve Tracy, 32—photograph by Peter Heller 43-32—e-photon by Sandy McFarland, 44—first Ken in Black Star 43—Steve Scholten, 45, 46—Marc Elmerman 75—Johnnie Brunette



MORRIS NISON, of Lebanon, Ohio, celebrated his 75th birthday by driving his 7-year-old trooper, Mr. Nison, to victory at Lebanon Raceway. According to the U.S. Trotting Association, Nison is the oldest driver to win a race at a parimutuel track.



SONYA SHROPSHIRE, a senior at Eufaula (Okla.) High, averaged a state-high 41.3 points in 25 basketball games. In 12 of those contests Sonya had more than 20 points by the end of the first half. She connected on 58% of her shots from the field and 91% of her free throws.

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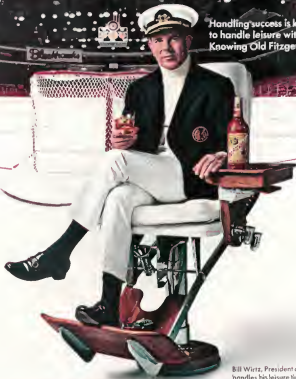
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MR. ROBINSON'S DEBUT

Sir:

Congratulations to Ron Fimrite on a fine article (*Joey's Stride into History*, March 24) and congratulations to Frank Robinson on his new job. It's about time the hierarchies of major league baseball teams stopped firing and hiring the same managers and got some new faces.

MIKE DAY

Malaga, Wash.

Sir:

I'm sure that Frank Robinson has been subjected to a lot of pressure during spring training, but so far he has withstood it all. He has kept a cool head, and cool heads win pennants.

G. MORRIS QUICKSILVER

Scottsdale, Ariz.

ROLLING ALONG

Sir:

Jim Kaplan's piece on street hockey (*Rock 'n' Roll Big City Style*, March 24) brought nostalgic tears to these old eyes.

He is not accurate, though, when he says that the game came out of the Depression. As a boy, some 60 or 65 years ago, I reviled in the excitement of roller polo and a league that flourished in southern New England. Played in halls redolent of stale cigar smoke, which were also the locales of third-class pugilistic encounters, the game was hardly as fashionable as roller hockey is becoming, but it was as alicious as it furnished many an evening of thrills on cold New England winter nights.

J. MANIM RYDER

Pompano Beach, Fla.

Sir:

After reading Jim Kaplan's excellent article, members of the Lower Merion Roller Hockey Club had this one word to say: finally! We participate in an unorganized league consisting of four teams in the Main Line Philadelphia area. The fast-skating, furious-checking roller hockey game began to appeal to us after the ice hockey mania started to spread here. For three years we have played indoors during the winter in a small roller-skating rink with four-inch-high boards and no referees.

Slowly but surely our club has expanded, and we are now officially recognized as a team. In the not too distant future we hope to move into a larger, more modern roller-skating complex and have officials and an expanded schedule.

Thanks for recognizing a sport that has been too long ignored.

MICHAEL LINTON
Vice-President
Lower Merion Roller
Hockey Club

Philadelphia

Sir:

In Palm Beach County, Fla., there is a very much organized eight-team street hockey (we play in tennis shoes) league, started in 1971 by Richard Sokal. My team, the Boynton Bruins, won the Simpson Cup that first year, and there are now more than 100 boys on the eight teams competing for the trophy. Our games are played indoors, usually in gymnasiums, and we have at least two referees per game. Our league has outdrawn the well-established football league in Boynton Beach.

BOB GRUMMER

Delray Beach, Fla.

Sir:

While for the most part I enjoyed the story on roller hockey, I must take issue with Jim Kaplan's statement that it "is replacing stockball in urban folklore." Let me assure you that the game of stockball is alive and well, thriving in cities, suburbs and small towns from coast to coast. The World Stockball Association, which plays its games on the Harvard Law School campus, features players from Tallahassee, Yakima and Peoria, as well as from Bayside and Flatbush. We invite Mr. Kaplan to witness our season opener on April 12 before sounding any more death knells for our great sport.

JACK SIDOROV
Commissioner
World Stockball Association

Cambridge, Mass.

PUTTER THERE

Sir:

That Old Sinking Feeling (March 17) is another in a series of fine articles by Dan Jenkins. His irreverent humor sometimes treads on thin ice, but it sure has me sliding right along and enjoying every word.

MARK ALSTIN

Provo, Utah

Sir:

Arist Don Moss did a terrific job of capturing the most important shot in golf, the putt.

Gardiner, Maine

TOM THRELAU

TANDEM GOLF?

Sir:

That was an interesting article by Sarah Pileggi on Andy Martinez, Johnny Miller's caddy (*Getting a Taste of Miller's High Life*, March 24). It makes one wonder about tandem golf and surveyor-precise measurements, though. While these methods obviously help the pros shoot 72-hole scores of 20 under par, did the good "St. Andrews" intend it that way?

JOHN E. PERRY

West Hartford, Conn.

LOVE STORY

Sir:

We have taken *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* for years now. My husband starts at the front of each issue and reads the articles on the major sports. But I say the stories in the back are fantastic. *Mirror of My Mind* (March 24) by Bill Gilbert finally inspired me to write. It outclasses any other love story I have ever read.

LAVERN HUMPHREY

Racine, Wis.

Sir:

Bill Gilbert's article is unquestionably the finest piece of writing concerning the man-dog relationship that I have read. He has said it all for the thousands of us who are unable to express ourselves with anything approaching his ability. Bill and his great Dan are my kind of people.

ROBERT T. SMITH

Sherman Oaks, Calif.

Sir:

If only people would react to people as Bill Gilbert reacts to his dog, and vice versa. If remembrance is in my future, I hereby submit my request for rebirth as Mr. Gilbert's canine companion.

W. E. MEYER

Alton

FASHION NOTE

Sir:

Frank Deford is a comical writer. I have enjoyed his previous satirical comments, but his article on the Rudi Gernreich bathing suit known as the thong (*SHOPWALK*, March 24) was a classic. Besides making me laugh out loud, his descriptions were extremely graphic. I offer condolences for his bravery in the field of journalism, above and beyond the call of duty.

ELAINE PORCHETTI

Columbus, Ohio

continued

Let the buyer beware ...of the seller who "buys"

"Buying" business with a low price is not uncommon—even in times like these when realistic pricing would seem to be the order of the day for all sellers.

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19TH HOLE (continued)

CROSBIE AND GUTS

Sir:

We thoroughly enjoyed the article by J. D. Reed on Frisbee as a sport ("They Are My Life and My Wife", Feb. 24) At the Havercroft School, which we attend, Frisbee has become much more than a lunchtime amusement. Our game is called Crosbie, and there is nothing like it outside of our school. It is played four men to a side, on a 60-by-40-yard field, and the object is to throw the Frisbee into the opponent's goal. The rules are simple: the man with the Frisbee is allowed to run, unless he is touched by an opponent, in which case possession changes. To forestall a touch, players can pass off or "down" the Frisbee by putting the disk on the ground and tapping it. Play then stops for a moment, whereupon the player can pass off or run again, although he cannot shoot from a downed position. A toss out of bounds results in loss of possession. The goalie, who mans a 5-by-6-foot lacrosse net, can come up on offense when his team has possession of the Frisbee.

A mixture of lacrosse, hockey and Frisbee, Crosbie is fast and furious. A Crosbie Intramural League has evolved, complete with Saturday schedules and playoffs.

ARTHUR KYRIAZIS
JOHN KYRIAZIS

Lansdowne, Pa.

Sir:

Thanks to J. D. Reed and John G. Zimmerman for a well-written story with excellent photos. I have one comment to make, however: Reed tells about the Frisbee game called Guts. He says the game "is played by two five-man teams standing 15 yards apart. Each team tries to throw the disk past the opposite side without getting the Frisbee out of reach from honest effort (which, gentlemanly enough, is decided by the receivers themselves)." Since there is already a length to the field, why not just mark off a designated width? This would then stop the yelling that may occur (and probably does) when one team disagrees with the other.

HAL LUSKO

Pittsburgh

CATYR UP!

Sir:

How about a few final entries in the Caty Cup competition (SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Feb. 17), which has been an interesting indoor sport for cold wintry days. Here they are:

For Protestant and Catholic clergy: cross-country.

For rabbis: parallel Bar Mitzvah.

For the Knights of Columbus: sailing.

For the Masons: brick throwing.

For executioners: hang gliding.

For engineers: a triangle melt with prospectors and crooked financiers who specialize in clam and bail jumping.

For taffy manufacturers: tug-of-war.
For beauty shop operators: curling.

J. WALTER DEERSON

Houston

Sir:

Please, oh, please, have Sam Carter open two more slots in his Superstar competition, one for a precision-drill team (open to dentists only) and a hammer throw strictly for carpenters.

MARY G. CAILL

Ithaca, N.Y.

COLOR-COORDINATED

Sir:

Your SCORICARD item "Hoes and Trees" of Feb. 17 regarding the outfitting of World Football League players with different-colored pants according to position, brings back memories of our Queen Anne (Seattle) High School football team of the mid-1950s.

Our coach, Dick Clark, utilized gold helmets for backs and receivers and maroon helmets for interior linemen. This, however, was a child born of necessity, not one of showmanship. We just didn't have enough of the newer gold helmets to go around.

It didn't do a whole lot for our record, but I think we had the highest pass-completion average in the league.

KEN ALLAN

Springfield, Va.

Sir:

You speak of the WFL's plan for different-colored pants according to player position as if the idea were new. Possibly the writer is too young to remember the St. Mary's College of California team of the 1930s. As I recall, all of the positions were identified by various colors, especially the backs and the receivers. It was very impressive and I'm surprised the idea was not copied then.

C. M. MOWE

Chambles, Ga.

As Herman Meister, center on the 1933 St. Mary's team, remembers it, Coach Ship Medigan decked out the interior linemen in red, including socks and shoes; the backs and ends were dressed all in blue, and the quarterback wore white.—E.D.

Sir:

It all sounds great, but there is one question I would like answered: What about those people who don't have color TV sets?

JIM JOHNSON

Detroit

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Brand K (Menthol)	14	0.9
Brand R (Filter)	14	0.9
Brand M (Filter)	12	0.9
Brand T (Menthol)	12	0.7
Brand T (Filter)	11	0.7
Brand V (Filter)	11	0.7
Brand V (Menthol)	11	0.8
Carlton Filter	4	0.3
Carlton Menthol	4	0.3

Carlton 70's (lowest of all brands)—
2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter and Menthol—4 mg. "tar", 0.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Oct. 74